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AN eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth through a vendetta in America against the English if they do not stop their misdeeds in Ireland—this is what Mr. Harry Boland, secretary to President de Valera, called for at a mass meeting at Madison Square Garden. He would even pull down everything English in America if need be. We suppose that occasionally one of Celtic temperament must boil over, but it is to President de Valera's credit that he never did while he was here. It is perfectly plain to anyone who knows the American temperament that nothing could be worse for Ireland's cause in America than the giving of such advice as Mr. Boland's. Any attempt to carry on the struggle by force here can only react most unfavorably and deprive the Sinn Feiners of most of the American sympathy they now have. It will take only a few more Union Club incidents to do this. The hope of Ireland lies in convincing the world of the justice of her cause and the use of peaceable means only to obtain it. England is daily showing that she can beat the Irish at their own game of reprisals and is outdoing the Prussians in her newly announced policy of burning the houses of citizens who live near an ambush. Yet every such act as the killing of the fifteen British officers at Dublin reacts terribly upon the Irish cause, however great the provocation and however unfair that may seem to the Irish. America, we believe, will respond to the legitimate Irish demand for self-determination, but not if the idea spreads that its proponents in America seek to embroil the United States and Great Britain in order to have their way. The American people intend to have peace with England.

AGAIN our militarists turn to a pacifist device. Secretary Daniels having suddenly remembered that in 1917 Congress passed the Hensley amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill, authorizing the President to call an international conference on naval disarmament and appropriating the funds therefore, Chairman Butler of the House Naval Affairs Committee has solemnly journeyed to Marion to show it to Senator Harding. Just what the outcome of the meeting of these two great minds was is not clear, but Chairman Butler is at least now convinced that this is the time to try out the sincerity of former allies on this question of a naval holiday. So there is at this writing an excellent prospect that Senator Borah's proposal for a naval holiday conference will go through in the hope of stirring the Adminstration to action. Again, the Senate Military Affairs Committee has agreed to a resolution limiting the size of the army to 175,000 men, but this does not satisfy Senator Lenroot, who, having failed to win the Committee to an army of 150,000 is going to carry the fight to the floor of the Senate with fine prospects of success. How he would have been denounced as a little American and a treacherous pacifist a little while back if he had even insinuated that the time would ever come again when we should reduce our forces! But economy is the watchword of the day, and any step thereto is popular. In his retirement in Missouri Mr. Hensley must be meditating with satisfaction upon the variability of republics, and the time may yet come when that arch-apostate, our pacifist Secretary of War, will regret his brazenness in recruiting the army—an expensive task at best—far beyond the correct limit. As for the New York *World*, it continues to do wonders in its disarmament fight and has rolled up an astonishing amount of world-wide sentiment for the limitation of armaments. It has even called Secretary Daniels the Tirpitz of 1921 and has had no difficulty in proving that Daniels talks exactly the Tirpitz language.

"I HAVE not opposed and shall not oppose what is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States." In this day when the name of the Constitution is taken so frequently in vain, sentiments like these are likely to be heard calmly and even, at times, with suspicion. But Governor Russell of Mississippi means what he says and proves it by continuing to welcome the 162,000 Mennonites who are planning to emigrate to Mississippi from Canada, in spite of the protests of the American Legion. The latter body objects to the Mennonites because they are on religious grounds conscientious objectors to war, and because they do not send their children to the public schools, but to their own private ones where only German is taught and spoken. This would, of course, be too much for the American Legion, but Governor Russell rises to the situation like a man. "I have guaranteed religious and educational freedom to the Mennonites," he says. "I am giving them a guaranty only of what the Constitution of the United States guarantees to everyone who enters its doors." It is plain that the Constitution is entirely adequate as a safeguard of public liberty. What we need is more public officials who are at once

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as fearless as Governor Russell and at the same time as well aware of their duty as public servants.

MARIA SALSEDO, wife of the Italian printer who leaped from the fourteenth floor of the Park Row Building in New York City, where Department of Justice agents had kept him in secret confinement for two months, is suing Attorney General Palmer, and his agents Flynn and Lamb and Scully, for one hundred thousand dollars damages, on the ground that they had tortured Salsedo into suicide. Roberto Elia, Salsedo's companion in persecution, before leaving for Italy made a detailed affidavit concerning the treatment given Salsedo by the agents of our strange Department of "Justice." Our courts now have an opportunity to vindicate their independence by giving fair treatment to the innocent men so recently abused, tortured, and manhandled by Government agents; a Washington court has already awarded $400 damages to one of the victims of the "Red raids" of a year ago, and the Chicago raids are coming into an official limelight which they can scarcely stand. A case worthy of the closest attention is that of Sacco and Vanzetti in Boston. Sacco and Vanzetti were organizing meetings in protest against the treatment of Salsedo when they were arrested on a technical charge, and some time later they were charged with a hold-up against which they had perfect alibis. The case seems to be one of the most flagrant "frame-ups" in American history.

WE do not yet realize how brutal our Red raids were, nor how many utterly innocent simple-minded foreigners were caught in their toils. Perhaps the report on "The Deportation Cases of 1919-1920" just issued by the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America may serve the same useful purpose in correcting newspaper misinformation as was served by the Interchurch Report on the Steel Strike. It repeats the sorry story revealed in Judge Anderson's decision last June, of complete scorn of legality by the sworn agents of the law, of illegal invasion of homes, illegal seizure of property, indiscriminate arrests, maltreatment, provocation, imprisonment incommunicado—resulting in at least one instance in the deportation of a Russian who belonged to only one organization in the United States, and that a Methodist church! This report lifts another corner of the veil which has hidden the activities of Governmental agents provocateurs in promoting Red activities. Fortunately some of the men who plied this disgusting trade have already been sickened by the lies which they were forced to tell and the newspapers published; hence the nauseating truth may soon become public.

THE Ku Klux Klan which is now planning active invasion of the North is not merely anti-Negro. In the words of its "Imperial Wizard," Colonel W. J. Simmons, "only native born American citizens who believe in the tenets of the Christian religion and owe no allegiance to any foreign country, political institution, sect, or persons" are eligible. The Ku Klux is anti-Catholic, anti-Jew, and anti-agnostic as well. In the North we need not take too seriously the attempt to transplant from another age and clime this night-blooming poisonous weed. It will not thrive here in the light of publicity. In the South, its brutal lawlessness, its violation of every real tenet of the Americanism to which it falsely lays claim, should evoke the prompt action of the Federal authorities. To the Klan may be laid the recent murder and burning of men, women, and children in Florida because a few colored citizens attempted to exercise their constitutional right to vote. The attempted northward extension of the order is merely another symptom of the intolerance and hatred which inevitably follow the passions loosed and accentuated by war. No right-thinking American can regard the Klan as aught but the antithesis of everything decent for which this country stands.

A GOVERNOR who preaches economy and then sets out to practise it—this is New York's New Year surprise. Mr. Miller in his inaugural message scandalized all the politicians by demanding the abolition of needless offices, the consolidation of others and the cutting down of the budget which has risen from $47,899,527 to $145,219,906 in six years. More than that, the Governor is opposed to any further salary increases and to starting any new project of public works until those under way are completed. Naturally the political heathen rage. This man would even end that popular sport of joy-riding around the State in State-owned cars, and he was at once met half way by his Adjutant-General, who cut $400,000 out of a budget of a million. Best of all, the Governor calls for the immediate abolition of compulsory military training for all boys of high school age. This precious bit of Prussianism was passed during the hysteria of the war and has been a fraud upon the taxpayer from the beginning, inasmuch as it could by no conceivable stretch of the truth be pictured as benefiting, physically, the youth subjected to it, could not be enforced, and from the military point of view was of no value whatever. As one of the officers of the State Guard wrote to the *Herald*, two hours of training a week without arms taught nothing soldierly and simply filled the boys with disgust for the whole military business. Yet there was asked for this farce for the next fiscal year no less than $607,480. We venture to assert that if the Governor goes on as he has begun he will find that there is not a single department in which he cannot make drastic savings and that wherever he saves he will find increased efficiency following in its wake—also that his fame throughout the country will spread with the rapidity of a prairie fire. Retrenchment is the most popular policy of the day.

THOUSANDS of persons all over the world are engaged in a battle—often a losing one—against starvation and cold this winter. We think nothing of it. But when three balloonists fight hunger and cold for four days, the whole country thrills with the story. It is not that we are brutes in one case and humanitarians in the other, nor even that we have any snobbish preference for young naval lieutenants, but merely that the sequence and character of events in the finding of our plucky lost airmen dramatized the story for us all. It is well so. Into the lives of us steam-heated, fur-coated, overfed Americans it is good to bring a reminder that all existence has been primarily a struggle against hunger and the elements since the Great Landlord dispossessed his first tenants from the Garden of Eden. And when we can feel the hideousness of some of our present civilization as we have felt the plight of the lost balloonists, we shall rescue ourselves without the need of a barking dog or a suspicious Indian. Long live melodrama, with its power to stir us human clods with imagination and understanding!

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REPRESENTATIVE JOHNSON'S bill for the exclusion of all general immigration for a year, which the House rushed through, is meeting in the Senate the opposition that it merits. Predictions of an overwhelming inrush of aliens this winter, attributed to Frederick A. Wallis, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, had much to do with getting the Johnson bill through the House, but Mr. Wallis has since appeared in Washington to voice his disapproval of the measure. The Italian Government, moreover, has volunteered to refuse passports to its subjects until it learns from this country what and how many immigrants it is ready to receive. As *The Nation* has already said, nothing less than emergency conditions could justify the Johnson measure. These, it becomes continually clearer, do not and are not likely to exist. The New York *Herald* recently printed data from its European correspondents controverting prophecies of a great rush to this country. The high cost of transportation in depreciated European currency and lack of steamship facilities were cited as adequate practical checks to emigration, regardless of the number of persons who might want to leave their homes. Moreover, a Berlin steamship agent has estimated that the total steerage accommodations on all vessels leaving the eight chief ports of Northern Europe would provide for only 350,000 persons in a year.

IF the Red Terror is to spread westward, let us at least believe the spread due to the march of a criminal and licentious soldiery. Such is the principle of the correspondents of our conservative press. Mr. Walter Duranty informs the *Times* from Paris, first, that delegates from all the Lettish communist centers met openly at Riga; second, that the Lettish Government "dares take no action and make no arrests," which, as he truly says, "speaks volumes"; third, that of the 45,000 men whom Latvia has under arms many are "contaminated by communism." But since the innocent readers of the *Times* must not be permitted to think that a considerable body of the Letts have become communists either through experience or reflection, Mr. Duranty seeks to minimize his own facts and represent the whole danger as coming from a Russian Soviet army that is on the borders of Latvia and is largely composed of troops who "are ill-fed and eager for loot." Yet this army, he says, includes many Lettish communists. Thus we are to tremble at the thought of a communist army, represented by eye-witnesses as almost dourly puritanical, joining forces with a powerful communist party in a small and starving state. This is "bolshevist invasion," this is rude conquest and terror. It is a curious example of the type of thinking that can imagine no disagreement with its own principles that does not spring from force or fraud.

SENATORIAL elections in France reveal very little of the temper of French public opinion, for the senators are elected indirectly by an electoral college composed of municipal councilors, district councilors, departmental councilors, and deputies, all elected long before the senatorial elections, and more subject to official wire-pulling than to the less clearly expressed shades of public feeling. A third of the French Senate has just been balloted upon. The outgoing senators were elected before the war; the new senators naturally reflect something of French post-war conservatism. That the Socialists elected no senators was to be expected; the system bars them; before the war, despite their impressive general vote, they never had a representative in the Senate. Rural discontent at the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican accounts for the reduction of the avowed members of the "Right" party from eight to three; the so-called Radicals, really a mildly progressive party, lost nine seats but retained forty-three, which, in view of the collapse of that party at the previous elections, seems to indicate a revival of the anti-clerical feeling that gave it its dominant position before the war. Premier Leygues's position remains as before, neither strengthened nor weakened by the elections.

IT is impossible to view without some uneasiness the cause of the sending of General Crowder to Cuba. General Crowder has the confidence of the people both of Cuba and of the United States, and by means of advice and a little judicious pressure ought to be able to assist in unkinking the political and financial tangle in which the island is enmeshed, without the dispatch of troops and formal intervention by this country. Affairs are undeniably in an unhappy state. The drop in the price of sugar has brought a financial panic, while the moratorium, recently extended until February 1, is by some resented on the ground that it keeps bankrupt business alive at the expense of sound industry. In addition to the island's financial troubles there are political difficulties. The result of the recent election for President has not been officially announced. It is said that Zayas, the coalition candidate, was elected, but the friends of Gomez, the Liberal Party's aspirant, charge that the result was obtained by fraud and intimidation on the part of the administration of President Menocal, and the Liberal Party recently requested the Government of the United States to supervise the approaching by-elections upon which the main contest may hinge.

ALTHOUGH General Crowder will attempt in all sincerity to unkink the Cuban tangle, as he has ably aided Cuba before, it is not to be forgotten that Taft, then Secretary of War, went to the island with a similar purpose in 1906, but events so shaped themselves that the visit resulted in American occupation of the republic for the next three years. There are interests both here and in Cuba, of course, that are working for another intervention, an excuse for which is easy to find under the so-called Platt Amendment. This was incorporated in the treaty we made with Cuba upon our withdrawal from the island four years after the Spanish-American War. It reads:

> That the Government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris, now to be assumed and undertaken by the Government of Cuba.

THE Chinese famine grows worse so rapidly that the few efforts being made to fight it seem pitifully inadequate. Even the famous famine of 1878 was less devastating, as a crop had been harvested before the drought began. The present famine follows two years of scanty rainfall and crop failures. One thousand deaths from starvation daily are reported in the Pekin district alone, while in thirty-one counties in the province of Shantung, where two great floods washed away the crops, 3,827,000

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people are wholly destitute. The funds so far collected to prevent great sections of China from being converted into a vast graveyard are insignificant—a few million dollars at most—and while it is reported that the Japanese Government has offered 500,000 bushels of rice for relief purposes it is also charged that Japanese officials and spies have interfered with the efforts of the American Red Cross to get supplies into the suffering districts of Shantung. The White Terror of starvation is the enemy of all nations and to allow jealousy and intrigue to interfere with the war against it would be an international crime. Every country in the world should send money and food to save the people of China from the horror of famine.

THE world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

For instance, there is the news that a French vicomte, employed in a London department store, by patient industry and unremitting application to his duties has risen from his modest station like the apprentice of the old tradition and is now to marry the merchant's daughter. Some belted earl, no doubt, who entered the shop the same day, with the same prospects and advantages, has trifled away his time with the ponies and the lasses of the music halls, and now sees his great chance gone. Hogarth never dies. Then there is the publisher of Topeka, Kansas, who has retired to his comfortable vault in the nearest cemetery with such a passion for Topeka journalism that he has ordered a newspaper of the place to be delivered at his tomb for twenty years. Remembering the papers that accumulate around suburban doorsteps in one vacant summer, we speculate and shudder. As the Kansas winds blow through that cemetery, what sheeted ghosts will not rise and drift down the cedarn alleys! In the bailiwick of Uncle Joe Cannon a pious wife is hunger-striking upon her husband to make him leave his job and turn evangelist. She has already fasted forty days and yet his heart is still, like the heart of Captain Hook, "cold, quite cold." And finally, in Kansas City a woman one Sunday evening recently killed a man, swept his body under the bed, and did not recall the deed or him till the Tuesday following. What next, we pray?

THE artistic life of America is being enriched by several schools which are more than places for the mere teaching of a given technique. They are centers from which there radiates an atmosphere, a mood, an attitude finely calculated to soften the rigidness of our artistic perceptions, and to furnish something of that background against which the creative life must be lived. Chief of these schools is that conducted for the arts of the theater by Yvette Guilbert. Definite things are definitely taught here; precisely as they are in our ordinary schools and colleges. But they are taught in a mood of creation and vigor, and under the guidance of a commanding personality—rich, flexible, and penetratingly intelligent. As the students of the medieval universities wandered from city to city to become disciples of famous and inspiring masters, thus are her pupils drawn to Mme. Guilbert. Her example should go beyond her special sphere and be fruitful to those institutions of ours where the relation of creative master and impassioned disciple is a most vivid need. Professors from our colleges, whatever their specialties, could profitably watch the Guilbert School for the relation between teacher and pupil without which learning is so often sterile and wearisome.

Mr. Harding for Simplicity

MR. HARDING deserves all praise for his appeal to Senator Knox and Mr. Edward B. McLean asking that all elaborate plans for his inauguration be abandoned. It is in the best American spirit that he writes to Senator Knox: "Please convey to your committee my sincere wish for the simplest inaugural program consistent with the actual requirements in taking the oath of office and the utterance of a befitting address. I very respectfully request that Congress will not appropriate and your committee will not expend any fund whatever." He asks this in order that "we shall be joint participants in an example of economy as well as simplicity." So the inaugural ball is to be abandoned and the parade cut to troops in the District of Columbia. This is precisely as it should be. The dignity and solemnity of an inaugural are not enhanced by lavish display or by that extraordinary spectacle of ostentation, vulgarity, and curiosity-seeking which goes by the name of the inaugural ball. Jeffersonian simplicity, so much sneered at, is the true ideal for an American President. Hence, Mr. Harding serves his country well when he places a ban upon a spectacle the chief purpose of which in the eyes of most Washingtonians is to draw as large a money-spending crowd as possible. To Senator Borah, too, the thanks of the country are due for having blocked the appropriation in the Senate.

Whatever else may be said of Mr. Harding, however happy or unhappy, useful or worthless his administration may become, no one can deny that in some respects it will take us back to American methods of government. It will be a boon to have the historic tradition of an accessible President restored, one who will receive visitors who have something to say and will know how to listen to them without having closed his mind to them in advance because of the superiority of his intellect. We wish Mr. Harding had a clear-cut mind and could use language that would leave no one in doubt as to how he feels. But it is something to have the prospect of a man in the White House who will be in touch with the people, who will not deny, because of shyness, or egotism, or for any other reason, the right of petition to those who have a cause to present.

We trust that Mr. Harding will go further in the path of economy and that we shall see the removal of the armed guards at the White House and the abolition of all uniforms within its doors. He has only to look around after he enters it to see plenty of opportunities for stopping waste and "honest graft." He will, we trust, find some other employment for a medical admiral than personal service. We have never been able to see any reason whatever why without warrant in law the navy should waste hundreds of thousands of dollars in maintaining three yachts for the President and the members of Congress who desire to go junketing from time to time. Mr. Harding has the correct American instinct about this: that it is the duty of the President to set an example and the greater the simplicity of the President and the easier the access to him, the more the office will be truly enhanced. Let us not forget that the United States is after all a republic, devoted by all its doctrine and history to a policy of plainness in government. Nor let us forget that our national mistakes have been connected with departures from the plain path of republican simplicity, virtue, power. Some of our citizens may turn foolishly Byzantine, but the government ought to help the old faith.

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The Supreme Court vs. Labor

THE International Association of Machinists, the third largest union in the United States, failed to secure a satisfactory agreement with the Duplex Printing Press Company. It therefore decided to have nothing to do with the products of that company. When a printer bought a Duplex press, the machinists would refuse to set it up. Against this practice a court issued an injunction. The machinists' boycott injured the business of the Duplex Company, but it was not particularly injurious to the people in general. Nevertheless the Supreme Court last week upheld the injunction, deciding that such a "secondary boycott"—more accurately described in the language of labor as a sympathetic strike—is illegal. Now the Bethlehem Steel Company has the same hostility for all unions that the machinists' union has for anti-union manufacturers. Therefore it will not sell steel to contractors in New York and Philadelphia who do not agree to operate under the open shop. The President of the Bethlehem Company, Mr. Grace, so testified before the Lockwood Committee. A prominent contractor said, under oath, that this practice interferes with housing construction and makes the cost of steel erection appreciably higher. It not only tends to drive the unions out of existence, but it gravely injures the public. Yet no injunction has been issued against it. What unions may not do even in a small way, large corporations may apparently do freely on a grand scale.

The Duplex Printing Press decision is a highly significant decision, but not simply because it outlaws the secondary boycott. This weapon has not recently played an important part in the unions' tactics, and though the possibilities of its development are large, it is not indispensable to their existence. It has frequently been condemned in other decisions, and although in this case the Supreme Court has reversed the Circuit and District Courts, the decision has not invalidated any fully won right of labor. The case is significant rather because it is a clear illustration that unions have little security in the law of the United States.

Those, like Mr. Gompers, who expected that the Clayton Amendment to the Sherman Act would provide such security were unduly optimistic. After the Danbury Hatters had been fined $250,000 in 1908 for "conspiracy in restraint of trade," labor secured the passage of the Clayton bill, which provided that the anti-trust laws should not be construed to forbid the existence of labor organizations, or to restrain them from striving for their "legitimate objects." It is that phrase "legitimate objects" which is the gate in the back fence. For it allows the court to decide as before just what the legitimate objects of a union may be, and thus permits the whole cumbrous discussion of conspiracies, motives, and rights, locked out by the front door, to steal in at the rear. If the Court may decide that the secondary boycott is not a legitimate aim of a union, it may by similar reasoning forbid almost any other union practice. It might even, like Judge Gary, deny unions all opportunity to function, while generously admitting their technical right to exist.

There have been, in general, three courses of reasoning underlying decisions hostile to unions. One is the doctrine of conspiracy, which makes it illegal for a combination to do things which might be done without harm by an individual. In deciding what things it is harmful for a combination to do, the question of whether its motive is "malicious" plays a large part. Such reasoning makes the union and the employer unequal before the law. While the union, as a combination, has to submit to the analysis of its motives—a highly metaphysical affair—the firm or corporation is legally an individual and hence is not subject to such scrutiny. This is why the machinists may not wilfully injure the business of an employer, while the Bethlehem Steel Company may act as maliciously as it pleases toward unions. But the absurdity of trying to analyze motives has led to the second course of reasoning, which is based on the doctrine of natural rights. It is held that the employer has a right to conduct his business as he sees fit. Intentional interference with this right on the part of a union is said to be malicious, unless this interference results from the right of the union members to the reasonable pursuit of their own advantage. Industrial warfare is seen as a conflict of rights. Here again is a cloud of abstractions, in which the bias of the court is likely to be the deciding factor. The third theory places emphasis on the methods employed by unions, largely disregarding the nature of the aims themselves. In this kind of discussion such words as "coercion" and "intimidation" are freely used and freely defined. Intimidation and coercion may be threats and use of physical force, in which case they are clearly illegal, or they may be threats and use of economic or even moral force, in which case the bias of the judge is allowed free play.

In these circumstances, it is to be expected that judges will disagree largely according to their general views as to unions. As Justice Holmes has contended, "the true grounds of decisions are considerations of policy and of social advantage, and it is vain to suppose that solutions can be attained merely by logic and the general propositions of law which nobody disputes." The majority of the Supreme Court in the Adair case, the Coppage case, the Hitchman Coal and Coke case, and others has decided adversely to the unions, while a minority fluctuating from two to four, and staunchly led by Justices Holmes and Brandeis, has dissented because it has conceded a higher social value to organized labor. We may expect that the habitual splitting of the court in such cases will continue, because it represents a real difference in attitude toward public policy rather than a divergence in legal reasoning.

When the Taff-Vale decision in England threatened to cripple the unions, they secured the enactment of the Trade Disputes act of 1906, which registered the will of the nation to make a place for organizations of labor and to put them on an equal footing with employers. It left no room for the metaphysical speculation of the American labor cases. Both unions and employers' associations are clearly distinguished from combinations to control prices, and are empowered to take any action in furtherance of a trade dispute which can lawfully be taken by an individual. Thus the law of conspiracy is expressly removed from the realm of industrial warfare. The boundaries between lawful and unlawful threats and coercion are clearly defined, so that union members may know exactly what they may do and may not do. And also, if an individual striker breaks the law, he may be punished or sued, but his fault cannot be used to destroy the union or to penalize its members with heavy damages, as in the United States.

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Railways and Romance

WE are not much given nowadays to associating railways and romance. The more usual connection is railways and rates. But it was not always so. Railway building in the United States in the past century was a glorious page of romance, and it is still such in the more remote regions of the world, where the railway reveals new wonders and increases, as it goes, the area and variety of the earth. For to most of us this planet consists not of what is, but only of that which has been made easily accessible. Consider the romance of the completion of the first transcontinental railway in the United States! Few other events in our history have equaled it; but latterly our railway-building has appealed less to the imagination and more to the pocketbook. The great areas have been opened up; we have been thrown back on double-tracking existing routes and connecting established lines.

Not so in the more remote regions of the earth, for there romance still consorts with railways. Who can think of the Cape to Cairo line and not be thrilled by the picture it throws upon imagination's screen, of wildernesses conquered, of vastnesses thrown open where but yesterday Livingstones toiled only to disappear? And the All-America line from Texas to the Argentine? Is that merely a dream? Railways under construction in the zones of romance have no publicity agents, but from Canada the other day came the news that a line might soon be completed opening up that vast and frigid area of water that reaches down from the Arctic—Hudson Bay. The terminal is Port Nelson, on the southwest shore; the route itself will give a thrill not only to the globe-trotter; the wheat grower of Canada's Northwest eagerly awaits its going in to his service. From Saskatoon, in the Saskatchewan wheat belt, the distance to Liverpool by Port Nelson will be 697 miles by rail and 2,966 by sea. The present route by Montreal is 1,489 miles by rail and 3,359 by sea. Thus the new route will save 1,185 miles and reduce the land haulage by one half. If kept open for three months in the year, it is estimated that 30,000,000 bushels of grain can be sent to Europe at a saving of fifteen cents a bushel in freight.

But this is getting back to rates. Let us instead jump to South America's second transcontinental railway. Today there is one iron link between the Atlantic and the Pacific—the trans-Andean line from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso—which on account of the narrow gauge and the steep climb over the mountains has proved expensive and less practicable than had been hoped. The new route, for which contracts have been let, save for one gap, will unite the rich provinces of northern Argentina with the Bolivian railway system. The missing link is only 128 miles, between La Quiaca, Argentina, and Atocha, Bolivia. Of this, 57 miles is provided for in the recent contract. The rest will come soon, and then the llama, the ox cart, and the mule will give way to the express train from Buenos Aires to La Pax. Thus does South America repeat our own railroad history; may it profit by our mistakes!

But not even in the Andes can the romance of railroad pioneering equal our own in the last century. No one who was not intimately connected with that can ever appreciate what it meant and how intense the lure for all who participated, from the humblest rodman to the most powerful financier in Wall Street. For there was not only the joy of pioneering, but the actual thrill of discovery, not merely the conquest of the wilderness, but the actual revealing of the natural resources hidden by the forests and the untouched lands. The very land grants themselves smacked of all the excitement of gambling, for no one could foretell what the alternating sections, so lavishly bestowed by the Government, actually contained. Again, the land grants were usually limited in period and so it became a race for great stakes against time and the expiration of the grant. We know of one Western Union telegram of less than a dozen words which compressed within it the victory of a generation of effort, of man over nature, a triumph bought at a cost of hundreds of lives and endless treasure. In an ugly frame it still hangs upon a certain wall and reads "Tracks east and west connected through at three p.m. today. Chief Engineer." By it was won the grant which today seems so great a waste of the people's resources. Yet without it the railroad could never have succeeded, for those were days when there were from 75 to 159 miles between stations surrounded by a dozen huts; when the coolies who laid the rails were guarded by the blue uniforms of the regulars of the seventies, more than one of whom perished at the Indians' hands that the Union Pacific, or the Central, or the Northern Pacific might come into being.

Those who beheld the last spike driven beheld romance; those like James Bryce who crossed the continent upon a first through train and listened to more miles of speeches than there were stations on the road, all telling of new empires unleashed, of great plains soon to blossom with the golden miles of corn and wheat to feed the peoples of all the earth. No thought of any high cost of living then; only prophecies of the incredible cheapness with which wheat, which then went under bellying sails from Oregon to Liverpool, would soon be placed on those docks via Duluth or New York. King Cotton? It was King Wheat who ruled then and made men dream visions of a world conquered by Minnesota and Dakota. Romance? Romance? Every rail sang it then; every turning wheel hummed it; every mile lived it and visioned it. And the perishing pictured it; the buffalo, the antelope, the deer of startled, affrighted gaze, and, among humans, the explorer, the pony mail rider, the Concord stage-driver—and then the cheated, defrauded owners of it all, the only one hundred per cent Americans, the Indians themselves, whose doom the transcontinental locomotive spelled.

No, they may cross the Andes all they like, penetrate to Hudson Bay or the Arctic Ocean itself and strike hands with romance all the way; never will there be as much romance to the mile again as stalked our continental railway builders. There was Major General Grenville M. Dodge, for instance. He brought a good bit of his army corps right out of the South to doff the uniforms of civil war and don the garb of trackbuilders along the Union Pacific and lay new rails in hostile territory much as they had in the South. The romance of the war to free the slave still cast its glamor over them; the spell of unconquered desert and primeval forest and trackless plain came on top of that. Romance? The whole American world was young then and thrilled hourly with the boundless opportunity before him who dared to dare. Fifty years ago is it? Nay, a thousand; the Magna Charta barons seem as near.

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Passports Passé

PASSPORTS, like poison gas and Palmerism, were known even before the war, but owe their general popularity and wide application to that greatest of educational institutions. And, like poison gas and Palmerism, their survival in general usage is an anomaly. It is high time that they were put in their proper place. In the good old ante-bellum days a passport was a luxury, secured only by fastidious old ladies who liked their important official appearance, or by nice young men who needed them to enroll as students in foreign universities. The ordinary wanderer in Europe no more thought of securing a passport for the journey than did a Niagara Falls tourist crossing to the Canadian side.

In wartime there may have been a certain justification for ticketing every entry and departure from the land of the free, and for checking every traveler who sought to cross the international boundary-lines in Europe. But in these days of howling peace, there are too many frontiers, and the passport business has become something like the stamp business in certain of the lesser republics—merely a source of annoyance to those using them and of revenue to those issuing them. A vast army of able-bodied young men and women is employed in a sort of useless card-cataloguing of the mobile population of the world, and the passport photographers have founded a new and terrible industry.

If passport fees were honestly imposed as a form of tax, passports being handed out without question to those who had the price, there might be some excuse for them. The tax would for the most part fall most heavily upon those best able to pay it—the commercial traveler and the tourist. The immigrant, poor as he is, would have to bear his share, but that would be no more unjust than is the distribution of most forms of taxation. But as things are, the passport system is double-faced: it is used complacently as a source of income, but it is essentially a form of censorship upon the incomings and outgoings of citizens, and utterly repugnant to the freedom of movement which has been one of the great blessings of the post-feudal period. It is used to discriminate politically: our Government sometimes refuses passports to labor men and assumed radicals, and no man can compel it to explain its idiosyncracies; the British Government refuses passports to a group of citizens who wish to confer with British citizens about the Irish question. All that is necessary is for a government to dislike a man's views, and it may bar him, or refuse to let him travel. This is the old Prussian police system, and it is time it was done away with.

For its own ends the system is a failure. Moderate men of mildly objectionable views can be and are excluded from travel; extremists travel anyway. The men whom the governments really care most to bar, succeed by some underground route in going where they will. Communists and Irishmen find hidden routes to all parts of the earth. De Valera comes and goes, when and where he will. The German Communist, Clara Zetkin, spent a day in Paris, then went to Tours and made her speech to the French Socialists despite the French Government's refusal to give her a passport. The delegates to the Moscow International asked no permission of their governments before they set sail. No, the system is useless; it fails of its own purpose. Let us return to peace-time ways.

Fit for Boys

THE philosopher must look with what grace he can upon the process by which the uglier deeds of a nation are transmogrified at the hands of the popular romancers. Consider, for instance, a recent book about our exploits in the Caribbean—"The Marines Have Landed" (Penn)—written for boys by Lieutenant Colonel Giles Bishop, Jr., of the Marine Corps. The author knows the Corps and he runs briskly through a string of clattering adventures which have sufficient superficial accuracy. But on almost every moral point he deceives his young readers by that half-truth which is worse than no truth at all. His marines are fine, manly youths who go ashore to help the Dominicans in the simple American way which consists of regarding the natives of Caribbean islands as "niggers," driving them hither and thither by the exercise of superior force, and shooting all who show signs of being stubborn in behalf of their rights. In the book this is easy to justify, since these Dominicans are merely dirty bandits whom it is made almost an act of sanitation to exterminate. Reading the tale the blood of red-blooded American boys will presumably grow redder still.

Let us make the boys' books of a nation and we care not a rap who makes its laws or its songs either. Boyhood is the susceptible age of the race. The Jesuits knew that. The popular romancers, without knowing it so well, or seeing all the bearings of the matter, still act upon it with effective skill. In the long run a people perhaps comes nearer to believing what its boys are taught about its history and achievements than to believing anything else. All the better reason then, when it comes to recording a nation's wars, why they should not be set forth in the simple tribal terms to which boys naturally respond. It is bad enough to make out that wars are pretty picnics, with natty uniforms and prancing horses and shining weapons and encouraging flags. It is worse to make out that they are all honorable conflicts between one's snow-white countrymen and the sin-black foe. So the Israelite boys regarded the Amalekites; and the Greek boys the Trojans; and the Roman boys the Carthaginians; and the medieval boys the Saracens; and the English boys, during hundreds of years, the French; so American boys have long regarded the English; and so now doubtless the boys of half the world will long regard the Germans. When will it be time to put away these childish things?

That they are not a necessary accompaniment of juvenile fiction appears from Walter A. Dyer's "Sons of Liberty" (Holt), an admirable version of the career of Paul Revere from his childhood to the year of the Declaration of Independence. The plot is conventional and Samuel Adams rather too heroic a figure to be true, but the history behind the record is unusually sound. Revere and his associates, says Mr. Dyer, "were, in a measure, the dangerous radicals, the Reds of that day, and were looked upon as such by the Tory reactionaries." Mr. Dyer even uses the dread word proletariat to apply to the classes who furnished the sinews of the Revolution. His Paul Revere is not only a fleet nocturnal horseman but a skilled workman, who understands the interests of his class and contends for them in a spirit not noticeably unlike that of William Z. Foster. At the same time, the Boston mob that wrecked the houses of Tories comes in for unsparing censure. That is to say, Mr. Dyer knows the truth and uses it.

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The First Congress of the League

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, December 21, 1920

THE Assembly of the League of Nations came to an end three days ago with a rather too carefully rehearsed oratorical effort by its president, M. Hymans, and a simple straightforward speech from M. Motta, President of the Swiss Confederation, who took the opportunity to repeat the appeal for international reconciliation and the admission of Germany into the League, which seemed not to be greatly appreciated by the French delegation. I am told that more interest has been taken in the proceedings of the Assembly in America than in most European countries, where, to tell the truth, the public has been rather indifferent. Americans will naturally wish to know what the Assembly has done to prevent war or make it more difficult, for that was the chief purpose for which the League was founded. The answer is unfortunately only too easy: it has done nothing. For one can hardly count the institution of a Court of International Justice whose judgments will not be binding as a solid contribution to the end in view. It differs from the Hague arbitration tribunal only in the fact that it is permanent.

But although the Assembly has done nothing effective to prevent war, it has not been entirely useless. The mere fact that forty-two nations have been represented at an international gathering, not only by diplomats meeting in secret conclave, but by men for the most part not professional diplomats meeting in public, is in itself a step forward. Such a gathering would have been impossible seven years ago. And never before have Europe, Asia, and Latin America been brought into such close contact. Latin America is almost unknown to the great majority of Europeans, who imagine that it consists entirely of countries in a state of chronic revolution and less than half civilized. Some of the Latin-American delegates have shown themselves far more in touch with international affairs than many of the Europeans. Señor Pueyrredon is a man of marked ability and force of character, who at once took a prominent place in the Assembly, which elected him one of its vice-presidents. I gathered from American visitors that Haiti is not regarded with very great respect in the United States. If you have many men in your politics as well-informed, capable, and enlightened as M. Frédéric Doret, I congratulate you. We have not many in Europe. He is colored, of course, but I would rather be governed by him than by most of the statesmen now in power in Europe. A great many of the white delegates to the Assembly were very much his inferiors in every way.

But perhaps the outstanding phenomenon of the Assembly was the triumph of Asia. The Chinese and Japanese delegations were second to none and superior to most in culture, in knowledge, in ability. Mr. Wellington Koo was quite one of the ablest men in the whole Assembly. I often wondered what these highly cultured representatives of an ancient and splendid civilization thought of the crude, primitive, half-civilized Australians and New Zealanders. The Yellow Peril must be something like the Jewish Peril—the danger that a more quick-witted and instructed race will cut the others out. I rejoice at the election of China on the Council of the League, for the world has much to learn from her. Chinese policy in the Assembly was most enlightened, and her influence will be on the side of peace and international reconciliation. The Persian delegation had also an enlightened policy, and M. Zoka ed Dowleh, in particular, more than once intervened happily in the debates. The Japanese were reticent. They concentrated on the Council, from which they failed to obtain their two principal desires—racial equality and the "open door" in the mandatory territories. But the question of racial equality will have to be faced by the League and by the European races. Viscount Ishii announced the determination of Japan to raise the question next September in the Assembly. The ultimate choice will be between conciliation and war. Asia will not consent to anything less than equality with the rest of the world, especially now that she has two out of the eight members of the Council.

A large part of the time of the Assembly was spent in settling its rules of procedure, perfecting its organization, and defining its relation to the Council. Apart from that the only thing that it achieved which is likely to be valuable was the creation of the so-called "technical organizations"—the standing committees which, between now and next September, are to deal, respectively, with economic and financial questions, with transport and communications, and with health. This, of course, is promise rather than performance. The organizations can do much; they may do little or nothing.

One of the greatest blunders committed was the postponement until the next session of all the proposed amendments to the Covenant, in deference to the wishes of Great Britain and France. France is particularly afraid of any amendments to the Covenant, for that document is an integral part of the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Balfour used the fact as an argument against considering any amendments. M. Léon Bourgeois went further, and roundly declared that the League could not do anything that would involve an amendment of the treaty. The Covenant itself justifies no such thesis. Article XXVI puts no limit on the power of the League to amend its own charter, but amendments have to be agreed to by all the members of the Council and a majority of the Assembly, so that France can veto any or all. The theses of Mr. Balfour and M. Bourgeois met with immediate protests. It was clear that the majority was against them. Their position in this matter was typical of the consistent policy of Great Britain and France during the session. The Covenant is so framed as to give all the real power in the League to the Council, on which the five Principal Allied and Associated Powers are to be permanently represented. Its framers intended the Assembly to do nothing but talk; it was to be an occasion for the representatives of the inferior countries to let off steam and to give themselves the illusion that they had a real voice in the direction of the League. The aim of British and French policy at Geneva was to keep the Assembly in its place and maintain the domination of the great Powers in the League. Mr. Balfour, in a moment of irritation, let the cat out of the bag when the report on mandates, presented by his cousin, Lord Robert Cecil, was being discussed. In what Lord Robert afterward described as "somewhat harsh language" Mr. Balfour in effect told the Assembly to mind its own business and said that the Council would do as it pleased. Incidentally he objected to the view

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"that the mandatory Power should have all the responsibility and all the trouble and none of the profit"—a precious admission of the hypocrisy of the "mandate" system. And he made an unmistakable threat when he spoke of a possible conflict between the Council and the Assembly, by which the future of the League would be "profoundly imperiled." That is to say, unless Great Britain and France can exploit the League for their own purposes, they will smash it.

It was a pity that the Argentine delegate, Sr. Pueyrredon, retired from the Assembly without first putting up a fight, but he was right in holding that the first thing to be done was to settle the constitution of the League. The Covenant was not framed by the members of the League, but by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and M. Clemenceau. It should have been regarded as provisional. The fact that the agenda of the Assembly included the consideration of amendments to the Covenant suggested that the Council at least admitted the right of the members to be consulted. The Covenant in its present form paralyzes the League. What can be expected of a body that can make no decision, except in one or two specified cases, unless it is unanimous? The requirement of unanimity enabled the British Empire, France, and Japan to override all the rest of the League on one important matter and led to the postponement of every important question. This grotesque provision must go, and so must the predominance of the Council. As the Argentine delegation held, the Council should be an executive entirely elected by the Assembly, and the latter should be the effective organ of the League. That would involve a change in the system of voting. At present the delegation of each state, however small it may be, has one vote and no more in the Assembly. But it is as unjust to give Haiti or Luxemburg the same voice in the Assembly as the United States as it would be to give a village the same representation in Congress as the city of New York. States should have at least one vote, and an additional number proportional to their population, with perhaps a certain maximum—say five or six. That means, of course, a large number of votes for China, for example, but the prospect has no terrors for me.

Further, as the Argentine delegation proposed, the League must cease to regard itself as a club and it should be made impossible to exclude any nation from it except by its own will. Albania was admitted into the League and Georgia excluded from it, simply because that course suited the policy of certain Powers. It was admitted that Georgia and the Baltic states fulfilled all the conditions of admission as defined by the Covenant, but M. Viviani appealed to the cowardice of the delegates by holding up before them the bogy of Article X and warning them that they might have to defend the states in question from attack. Georgia was indeed attacked by General Denikin, and Lithuania by Poland, the attackers in both cases being subsidized by the Government that M. Viviani represented! The real motive of his opposition was revealed by M. Viviani's remark that the Assembly must not prejudice the future of Russia, or, in plain English, of the Russian reactionaries.

France, too, threatened to leave the League if Germany were admitted into it. And Germany was excluded, because the British Government bartered the exclusion in order to get French support for other propositions, particularly for opposition to any sort of international economic arrangement. Had Great Britain supported the admission of Germany, France would never have dared to run the risk of being isolated in Europe, for she would have had no support except from Belgium, Greece, Poland, Rumania, and possibly Czecho-Slovakia. The Greek, Polish, and Rumanian delegations were the faithful satellites of the French in the Assembly; the Greek delegation, of course, representing M. Venizelos. Belgium by no means always voted with France; the Belgian Government instructed its delegates to vote for giving obligatory jurisdiction to the Court of International Justice, to which France was opposed. In the election of non-permanent members of the Council France ran Rumania against China, and Rumania got seven votes. France was supported by only six delegations in her opposition to the motion asking governments not to increase their armaments for two years; they included Brazil and Chile.

The views of the Argentine delegation about the Covenant were undoubtedly shared by the majority of the Assembly. One of the most interesting phenomena was the development of a consciousness of international solidarity, and the instinctive tendency of the Assembly to regard itself as the sovereign organ of the League. But the British Empire ultimately dominated the Assembly, as in fact it dominates the Council. This was not the necessary consequence of the separate representation of the British Dominions, whose delegations took a very independent line, especially that of South Africa, which Lord Robert Cecil represented with Sir Reginald Blankenberg. Lord Robert was perhaps the most prominent figure in the Assembly; he intervened on every question, but no other delegate had so much initiative and few had as much courage. On the whole he was a progressive force, but he sometimes unexpectedly gave way. Separate representation of India was indefensible and in fact a breach of the Covenant, for India is not a "fully self-governing state, dominion, or colony," nor had the government official, the tame Maharajah, and the very governmental Indian politician who formed the delegation any claim to speak on behalf of the Indian people.

The Australian, Canadian, and New Zealand delegations were among the most backward in the Assembly. They evidently had a sincere desire for peace, but they were destitute of international spirit and ignorant of international affairs. Their point of view was intensely and narrowly nationalist and their ideal seemed to be a self-contained, protectionist British Empire, which would lead inevitably to war, for the rest of the world would sooner or later be obliged to combine against it. They were unpopular in the Assembly and contributed greatly to the general unpopularity of the British Empire. There are rocks ahead if and when there is a change of government in England, for nothing could be more alien from liberal and labor opinion in England than the point of view of the Dominions, always excepting South Africa. The Dominion delegates believed themselves to be very much ahead of the "old world." To me they seemed about a century behind it. Their opposition to measures for the protection of racial minorities was a case in point. Their ideal, they said, was the absorption of racial minorities and their transformation into hundred per cent Canadians or Australians. The protection of racial minorities is, of course, an interference with national sovereignty. But as the Belgian delegate, M. La Fontaine, said in the debate on the Court of International Justice, national sovereignty means the right to make war and that is just what we have to get rid of.

The question of giving obligatory jurisdiction to the Court was an acid test. The British Empire was solid against it—even Lord Robert Cecil was on the wrong side—and was supported by France, Japan, and Greece. All the rest of the Assembly was in favor of it. The matter was

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settled in committee, and the majority made a great mistake in not fighting it out in the Assembly. Although unanimity was necessary for action, the moral effect of an overwhelming majority voting for obligatory jurisdiction would have been considerable. On this matter England and France have gone back, for they advocated a tribunal with obligatory jurisdiction against Germany at The Hague in 1907, when M. Bourgeois was one of the French delegates!

The failure of the Assembly to deal with the economic question was also due to the non possumus of the British Empire, supported by France. This was the greatest failure of all. A great part of Europe is slowly starving to death and the whole world is faced with the prospect of famine and final economic disaster, yet the matter has not even been discussed in the Assembly, although it was mentioned in one of the general debates. The Italians did their best to get the matter considered. They wanted international control and rationing of raw materials, or at least the removal of all restrictions on their exportation. The British policy of selling coal at a comparatively low price to the home consumer at the expense of the foreign consumer is inflicting grievous injury on Italy and Switzerland. In Geneva coal costs 300 francs (about $50 at the present rate of exchange) a ton. Great Britain, however, refused to hear of any sort of international economic arrangement. We shall have to come to universal free trade if we wish to save the world from ruin and to secure permanent peace. Some day the imposition of import duties by any state will be regarded as what it is—a declaration of economic war—and treated accordingly.

On the question of armaments the Dominions were opposed to Great Britain and were keenly desirous that measures should be taken to limit them. But Great Britain, France, and Japan blocked the way. France would not even support a mere pious hope that armaments would not be increased. In this matter the Assembly has done nothing and could not do anything. It passed some excellent recommendations in regard to mandated territories, but the Council will take no notice of them and they will likely remain ineffective.

So the Assembly avoided division only by postponing the difficult problems. But they cannot be postponed indefinitely. Next September will show whether the League can hold together or not, for then will be fought out the struggle for supremacy between the Assembly and the Council. It will in effect be a fight for the deliverance of the League from British domination. Italy seems likely to lead the opposition. No doubt Italy's motive is self-interest, but at any rate it is enlightened self-interest, and that is more than can be said of French and British policy. A change of government in England and France would of course alter the situation. A liberal England and a liberal France might make the League of Nations an instrument of internationalism and peace, not, as the present governments of the two countries are trying to make it, an instrument of domination.

Contributors to This Issue

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Coal's Black Record

By GEORGE SOULE

MOST people know very little about the coal industry except that it is the perpetual bad boy of the American industrial family. It is always getting us into outlandish trouble of some kind or other. There are shortages which nearly close down the railroads and freeze us out in zero weather. Prices mount at the most inconvenient times to prohibitive figures. There are strikes which cause both expense and wasted wrath; first we condemn the miners for their impudence in demanding a thirty-hour week, and then we discover that the miners are actually asking for longer hours than they had been permitted to work, on the average, throughout the year. We are told that some coal companies made war profits running into the thousands per cent, and yet the miners cannot be paid a subsistence income. We hear of feuds and dispossessions and murders in the war of the operators against the union in West Virginia—and such things have been going on for years.

Now, listening to the investigation of the Calder Committee, we discover that high prices have been boosted by four or five unnecessary "brokers" and middlemen between producer and consumer. We discover that the War Department appointed as its purchasing agent a large operator who bought coal from his own mines at more than twice the cost of production. We discover that as a result of a threatened bituminous shortage in some localities the Interstate Commerce Commission authorized the issuance of priority orders for coal shipments, specifying that in carrying out those orders contracts previously signed might be broken. Then we find that subordinate transportation officials forged and padded the priority orders, accepting bribes for doing so, so that coal might be diverted to speculators and contracts favorable to the purchasers might be invalidated. These measures having been taken to deal with the "shortage," we discover that up to November 6, 1920, 46,000,000 tons more coal had been mined in the United States than in the corresponding period of 1919. We read that in Scranton, Pa., the heart of the anthracite district, anthracite is so scarce that in some households there is actual suffering. And at length we get some measure of the former profiteering by seeing coal fall. Inside of a few weeks the price of export coal fell from about $14.50 at the mine to about $3.50. Whereupon the operators said that it would be *"unprofitable to continue to mine coal under $3.00."* Apparently, then, they had been making a *sales profit* of some 400 per cent on every ton when the price was fourteen dollars.

After this happy and bewildering experience with the vagaries of coal, we are shocked and astonished to hear a Republican Senator, Mr. Calder, threaten something very like nationalization of the industry. Does not everyone know that government ownership is a blight on enterprise, and that the present system is the ideal one because it "works"? What can the Senate Committee be thinking of when it reports: "Our investigation into the coal situation has convinced us that private interests now in control of the production and distribution of coal, in spite of the efforts of some, are actually unable to prevent a continuance or repetition of the present deplorable situation, and that it is the duty of the Government to take such reasonable and practical steps as it may to remedy the evil"?

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A rough outline sketch may be helpful to understanding. Anthracite is not nearly so important as bituminous, but it comes first to our attention because most of us depend on it to keep warm. A preponderant part of the anthracite deposits in the country are owned by companies closely affiliated with a few railroads. The greater part of these fields are held out of production, but of the anthracite actually put on the market, the railroad mines account for about three quarters. The mining companies themselves make for the most part a very modest profit. In some cases their sales are handled by separate, related companies which make a large profit. But in most cases the lion's share of profit goes to the affiliated railroad carriers. The freight rates on hard coal are said by W. Jett Lauck, railroad and coal economist, to be two and one-half to three times the operating cost of transportation. The income from coal carrying comprises from six to sixty per cent of the total freight revenues of the anthracite roads. Thus immense earnings are created. In some cases they have been made the excuse for greatly increased capitalization. In some cases they are used to pay dividends on a capitalization based on the undeveloped coal deposits—as if a landlord should charge enough rent for a single occupied house to pay a profit on a hundred others which were empty. In the case of roads which have not gone the limit in possible capitalization, the surplus and dividends show the situation. The actual earnings on the capital stock between 1913 and 1918 have averaged in the case of the Lackawanna from 24 to 36 per cent, in the Lehigh Valley 29 per cent, in the Central Railroad of New Jersey 27 per cent.

The merchandising of anthracite, compared to that of bituminous, is on a fairly decent basis. There are, ordinarily, few irrelevant middlemen. But the trouble is that the anthracite market is in large measure dependent on the bituminous market, because when soft coal is scarce, hard coal is often used in its place, and its price rises. When there is a shortage of cars—as there usually is—bituminous drives anthracite off the roads and the retailers are thus given a chance to charge enormous figures for what hard coal they can get.

The mining of bituminous coal is in the hands of many companies. While the bulk of the production in Pennsylvania, for instance, comes from a small group of large operators, the marginal production is widely scattered. And there is a great difference in the cost of production of various mines, due in large part to the difference in the width of seams, and in lesser degree to differing efficiency of management and other factors. In the year 1918 the cost of production of 199 operators in the southwestern field of Pennsylvania ranged, according to the Federal Trade Commission, from $1.21 to $4.04 per net ton. Nearly 77 per cent of the total production cost $1.99 or below. Over 90 per cent cost only $2.20 or below. When there is a great demand, it is the highest-cost mine which fixes the ultimate market price. In order to get that last 10 per cent of soft coal on the market, enormous profits had to be paid on the other 90 per cent. This is an inevitable feature of widely distributed private ownership.

There is also the artificial shortage caused by insufficiency and improper distribution and use of coal cars. The operators have never devised successful ways of storing coal. If they have no cars to put it in, mining operations stop. This causes scarcity in the market, and terrific wastage and unrest of labor. Lucky is the miner who gets a chance to work more than two-thirds of the year. Scarcity of bituminous coal is thus chronic. It creates a competitive demand, and attracts hordes of speculative middlemen. Although $3.50 a ton is a liberal estimate for the cost of production at the mine, the consumer is fortunate to get his soft coal at four times that price. This in spite of the fact that transportation rates to few industrial centers in the country are more than $3.00 a ton, and a fair overhead for the local distributor was reckoned by the Fuel Administration, under war prices, at the same figure.

In 1917 the Federal Trade Commission examined the situation and came to the obvious conclusion that "if a uniform price were fixed many mines will be shut down unless the price is high enough to make the highest mine cost profitable." It therefore suggested ascertaining scientifically the cost of production at each mine, paying the owner or operator a fair profit, and then pooling the total national supply in order to make possible its sale at an average figure. This is what Great Britain has now been doing for some years. Even then, distribution could not be effective "without similar control over all means of transportation, both rail and water, and to meet this the pooling of railroads and boat lines is clearly indicated." The Commission therefore recommended the operation of the railroads as a unit on the government account. But we have now returned the railroads to the management of private, competing owners, on account of the "superior efficiency" of that arrangement.

Mere government control of mines and railroads could eliminate enormous waste in the sale of this product which lies at the basis of our national economy. Government ownership would make possible additional savings in production. Production engineers like Walter N. Polakoff show how heat and power could be distributed at a small fraction of their present cost by a radical revision of the technique of the industry. Highly valuable chemical by-products of coal—such as dyes and fertilizer—which are now wasted, could be extracted at the mine mouth. The coal could then be transformed into electricity and much of the cost of transportation saved. In addition, the inefficient use of coal in many antiquated furnaces would be avoided. The high-cost mines could be eliminated, and labor could be continuously employed at good wages. These reforms could not be effected in a short time, of course, but they have not even been begun under private ownership.

Aside from such ambitious plans, however, there is not the slightest doubt that with no changes in technique, a merely efficient management under unitary control in the public interest would be of great value. Whether the present Congress will go so far as to adopt such a measure is doubtful in the extreme. It cannot do so much discourtesy to the god of private enterprise. We shall have to freeze and starve more than we have so far before the lesson is driven home to us. In the meantime the effort of the more daring Senators will probably be to educate us to the problem. Some form of national oversight may be established. A governmental agency may be given the power to examine the companies' books, so that publicity may be accorded to the figures. This cumbersome supervision would provide for the public a minimum of protection against conscienceless and wilful profiteers, but it would leave untouched the maladjustments of the industry which, in spite of anyone's good intentions, keep us in a constant turmoil about our coal.

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Meeting the Crime Wave: A Comparison of Methods

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

THE crime wave now afflicting the whole world is a logical aftermath of the war. Economic distress—poverty, insufficient food, clothing, and fuel—the loosing of men's animal passions, coupled with the general disorganization of our social structure, are producing their inevitable effect. While its manifestations vary, subject to local conditions, the disease knows no geographic boundaries, but its treatment is still largely national. Moreover, the police power of the world has been rudely shaken by events. It needs reconstruction, revitalization, and above all increased international cooperation. The American has, of course, always taken it for granted that his police organization is the best on earth, his system of detection the shrewdest, most scientific, most persevering. Present-day New Yorkers, in the face of a mounting epidemic of unsolved murder and robbery, may perhaps entertain a lurking doubt. But it is questionable whether we could ever justly boast of anything in this direction but a mistaken pride. The actual claims of France and Britain—in fact and fiction—seem more valid. What have we comparable to the great Bertillon and to M. Lecoq? What traditions to equal the famous Scotland Yard organization, what hero of detection superior to Sherlock Holmes? As for Germany, its "verboten" has become notorious as the symbol of the omnipresent and ever-watchful arm of the law. We shall do well to study our neighbors' methods.

The tracking by society of the men who prey on man is already something of a sport and sometimes an art—in fiction. In real life it is a crusade, a science, a profession; there is no sporting ethics in it as yet and police prefer the shortest way to the kill whether it is good sport, art, or neither. But the quarry has grown clever with science and technique, and the hunter has had to keep up with him. The result is that so infinitely complex, delicate, and manifold have become the means and weapons of crime and of man hunting with X-ray, dictaphone, micro-photography, chemical reagents, psychoanalysis, organization technique, card cataloguing, and ten thousand other devices that the modern detective has come to exercise something of the care of the artist in choosing weapon and trail in his hunt. It is interesting to observe, therefore, the differences in the manner of man hunting shown by the detective systems of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, and how in their hunting they reveal their racial traits. Let us consider four actual cases.

In a half-asleep residential section of east London is a neglected three-story private dwelling with heavy shutters and doors, inconspicuous and unattractive. It was just the kind of house for which an old man, calling himself Smithers, had been looking. For twenty years he had been accumulating money by buying all kinds of objects and no questions asked. He could drive a shrewd bargain and his business associates usually acceded to his terms, though not without many a curse and often more or less impressive threats. Smithers did not mind the former; but as he grew more and more rich he worried about the threats. He knew his customers. So he tried to hide his riches and lived penuriously. Fear of being murdered and robbed drove him from his business to a retreat. The house, by reason of its inconspicuousness, its strong doors and windows, attracted him and he bought it. He secured every possible entrance with bars and double locks and had his home wired so that nobody could touch a door knob, window sash, or grating without setting an electric bell ringing. In addition he arranged it so that if any one detected the wiring and cut it, the loosened wire, dragged down by a leaden weight, would fall on a cartridge and exploding it would give as effective notice of danger as the electric bell. He lived by himself, received no one, and attracted as little attention as he could.

Nevertheless, one day tradesmen began to wonder why he did not take in off the front steps the articles he had ordered delivered. The police were notified, an entrance was forced. Smithers was found murdered. The burglar alarm had been cut, under the fallen leaden weight was found a pad of cloth and the cartridge unexploded. A strong-box had been rifled. Whoever had done the business was no novice. There was not a finger-print to be found, the work having obviously been done in gloves. The only clue left for the police to work on was a small dark-lantern, a child's toy without doubt, which had been contemptuously left behind by the burglars.

Scotland Yard went to work on the case characteristically. A conference was held of the Central Office Squad, consisting of four chief inspectors, ten detective inspectors, nineteen detective sergeants, and fourteen detective constables. They went at their problem like a team, captained, but working as one. There was no star performer. With only the child's lantern to work on as a clue, the problem became at first mere drudgery. A tedious round of manufacturers and toy shops followed to determine if possible where that lantern was bought. In this search team-work was everything, individual cleverness nothing. Finally it seemed probable that the lantern was such as a mother in one of several tenement districts in London would buy for a seven-year-old child.

A simple plan was devised as the next phase of the hunt. A detective who had a seven-year-old son was assigned to allow his boy to play with the lantern in the streets of the quarter from which it might have come and to see what happened. For a week nothing at all happened, and father and son were asked to repeat their task in the adjoining district. Here the simple device brought no better results and again they were assigned new territory. This happened several times, until it began to look as though nothing at all would come of it. But with the doggedness of the race Scotland Yard hung on to the trail. Then one day a little boy of the quarter edged up to the policeman's son, looked sharply at the lantern with which the youngster was playing, and set up a wail.

"I want mah lantern!" he said.

"'Tain't your lantern!" the policeman's son retorted indignantly.

"Yes, it is! I know it is!"

The detective came forward. "Are you sure?" he asked, gently. "Because my son has had it for many weeks, you know."

"'Ere, I'll prove it's mine," the stranger boy said. "W'en

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mah wick burned out I off a little pi... my sister's flannel petticoat for a new wick."

The detective opened the lantern and examining the wick found it to be of flannel, as the boy had said. "We'll have to ask your mother about this," the detective said. "If you're telling the truth you shall have your lantern back."

The three went to the boy's mother, a widow who kept boarders. The woman, honest and hard working, confirmed her son's claim. The detective kept his word, returned the lantern, but questioning the widow further found out that the boy missed the lantern at about the same time that two of her boarders had left without paying their board bills. One had told her that he was an electrician, the other a plumber's apprentice, and she remembered seeing tools of their trade, or what she thought were such, in their room.

Followed then another series of weary searches by the men of Scotland Yard; searches among young plumbers and among electricians; in the underworld for two young fellows answering to the descriptions the widow gave; in the files of criminal records in Scotland Yard; in more expensive boarding houses and in dance resorts. Nothing short of a big organization imbued with team work and bulldog perseverance could have accomplished that search. But at last two young men were found whom the widow, unknown to them, identified as her former boarders.

The police had as yet nothing more serious against them than unpaid board bills. So they secretly kept them under surveillance. It was thus they learned that the young men were fond of target shooting with a revolver at trees in the country. The bullets extracted from the trees proved to be of the same exceptionally large caliber as that found in the murdered miser's brain. Tactfully, patiently, a corps of detectives searched into the past of the two men, each finding out some seemingly unimportant item. But the whole was becoming a net in which one day the two men found themselves inextricably fast on the charge of the murder and robbery of Smithers.

Now let us contrast with this man hunt another under similar circumstances in Paris. There had been a remarkable series of burglaries in the aristocratic Etoile section. In each case the burglar—for there was every sign that one man was committing them—took art objects of considerable value but never of such marked uniqueness that they could not be disposed of without difficulty or danger. Indeed the man's skill in entering well-guarded homes, in gathering his loot, and in disposing of it was such that the Paris police had not a trace to work on. This man, too, worked with gloves, so that there was never a finger-print left of his visits.

The Paris police, so to speak, ran around in circles trying to find his trail. One theory was as little fruitful as another and each man on the hunt followed his own. One detective-inspector, let us call him Dornay, struck out on a lone hunt. Posing as a *nouveau-riche* art collector and *bon vivant*, he made scores of acquaintances in the fast set where his quarry might conceivably be found. In this way he became interested in a rather quiet, alert man who knew where good values in art objects could be had. Dornay showed more friendliness than the other accepted and, apparently hurt in feelings, the detective thereafter avoided the unsociable man, whom he knew by the name of Laroche. Thus far Dornay had only a nebulous theory about Laroche's connection with the elusive burglar he was hunting. It was so nebulous that the detective could not convince his colleagues sufficiently to secure the number of men needed to keep track of all of Laroche's movements, for the latter had an uncanny way of eluding Dornay's vigilance. Thereupon Dornay determined to get Laroche unconsciously either to clear or to implicate himself. Watching one night outside Laroche's hotel he saw the latter leave in evening dress. Dornay stole up to the man's room, let himself in with a skeleton key, and made a thorough search. The only discoveries that interested him were a much-used pair of gloves and the water caraffe and drinking glass Laroche kept on a little stand to the left of his bed. With a file Dornay rubbed gently at a spot in the thumb of the left-hand glove until little more than a thin filament of chamois remained, which, however would not be noticeable at a careless glance. Then the detective carefully polished clean the outsides of the caraffe and the drinking glass. He took nothing with him when he left. But next morning, when Laroche again left the hotel Dornay stole back into the room and eagerly examined the caraffe and the drinking glass. With a camel's-hair brush he dusted some graphite powder on it until Laroche's finger-prints showed clearly. Substituting other glassware Dornay carefully brought Laroche's to police headquarters.

Three weeks later still another burglary was reported, bearing all the marks of the elusive burglar. But this time the police found faint impressions of a left thumb—and only that. It was, however, sufficient. Dornay's instinct and little plot had won. As he knew, the moisture of the human finger is sufficient to leave a print even through gloves if the intervening texture is thin. And the finger-prints on the scene of the latest burglary were identical with those on Laroche's caraffe and drinking glass.

Call it Anglo-Saxon love of team-play, or a racial disinclination of the individual to shove himself forward at the expense of the group interest, or whatever other trait it illustrates, the Scotland Yard treatment of the Smithers murder mystery was characteristic. Certainly the instinct for organization and organized effort, which has made Scotland Yard the foremost man-hunting medium in the world, is the inspiration not of individuals but of the race. In contrast in method was the Paris police treatment of the Laroche burglaries. The Frenchman is keenly individual in his work. It makes him less patient, therefore less efficient in organization, and consequently throws him back again on individual effort. He is much more prone, as a detective, to hunt by himself than with his colleagues.

Like the Anglo-Saxon gift for organization is the German passion for it. But there is a vital difference between the two in the outcome of the organization, a difference which is illustrated in the treatment by the Berlin detective force of a murder mystery that occurred in that city several years ago. The under-secretary for one of the important governmental departments was found dead near his home in a Berlin suburb. He had evidently been seized from behind, garroted until dead, dragged into an alley and robbed. It was not till late the next day that his body was found; no one had been seen lurking about the scene of the crime; so that the police had practically nothing to work on, other than the manner of the crime.

But they have a machine in the Berlin police department that works almost automatically in the solution of such mysteries. It is typically a German product in the thoroughness of its organization, in the ruthlessness of its oper-

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ation, in the vastness and at the same time in the minuteness of its product. Its principal part is the *Meldewesen*. Every citizen and visitor in Germany, the former from the day of his birth, the latter from the day of arrival, is recorded at police headquarters, a card for each individual, and every card is kept up to date. If, for instance, the police want to know something about Carl Schmidt, respectable citizen, in three minutes after his name reaches police headquarters they know the date, place, and circumstances of his birth, a brief history of each of his parents—if German, a cross-reference to their individual cards will give a complete history; his education, religion, successive residences, dates of removals, names of business and other associates—again cross-references afford fuller information on each of these; the name of his wife, date of marriage, names, and other data of his children; dates of the death of any of the family, place of burial; names and histories of servants, employees, etc. At Berlin this *Meldewesen* department contains over 20,000,000 cards today, occupies 158 rooms, requires 290 employees, and is daily growing in size. The cards of names commencing with H alone take up ten rooms, S requiring seventeen.

What happens to any individual in Germany who fails to register can be seen in the working of the *Razzia* system, which is used as a complement to the *Meldewesen*, and which the police of Berlin proceeded to use in the case of the strangled under-secretary. The *Razzia* consists of police raids without warrants on gathering places of every kind and even on private dwellings. Every person caught in such a raid is required to give a complete account of himself or herself. This account is checked up with the record in *Meldewesen*. If there is a discrepancy, it means anything from a fine, for a first offense for failing to register, to prison if it is repeated.

In this particular case the Berlin police raided Jungfernheide, an amusement park. Of the people there, three hundred could not give a clear account of discrepancies between their status then and what the *Meldewesen* showed. They were all arrested and a minute investigation of each case begun. Out of the three hundred sixty were found to be "wanted" by the police of other cities for various crimes. At the same time that this sifting was going on a special "murder commission," appointed to deal only with this particular case, was proceeding with coordinating investigations. Such a commission consisting of seven or eight men as a rule, but calling in as many others as necessary, usually includes three or four of the higher officials of the detective force, a police surgeon, a photographer, and one or two men from some highly specialized detective squad. There are thirty-one such squads, each sharply specialized. These squads are known by numbers and the classes of crimes they deal with. For instance: 1. Church thefts, counterfeiting, safe-breaking. 2. Thefts on stairs, streets, squares, hallways, cemeteries, gardens, lead pipes, zinc, etc. 6. Larcenies in flats, tenements, apartments. 7. Burglaries in flats, tenements, apartments. 11. Thefts of overcoats, umbrellas, canes, in restaurants, waiting rooms, institutions, etc. 24. Usury, postal frauds. 31. Perjury.

To the special commission in this case were added two members of a squad specializing on highway robberies and an expert on stranglers. These men sifted out the mountain of cards dealing with every individual who could even in the remotest way be suspected of a possible connection with the murder of Under-Secretary Rheinthal. Meanwhile forty-two individuals caught in the Jungfernheide were waiting in prison together with other suspects arrested without warrant or charge. The search revealed that one of the women detained was the mistress of a man against whom were recorded in the police departments of two cities three former highway robberies and a burglary in which the victim was found nearly dead of strangulation, and through the elaborate system of records of the man's accomplices, friends, and family, he was finally caught. Once in the clutches of the police the celebrated method of "sweating" or "third degree," which includes every possible means of coercion, pinned the man to the crime itself and he confessed.

Clearly, then, what solved the Rheinthal mystery was a machine, which is what the German passion for organization produces, rather than a team, as in the case of Scotland Yard. With the Germans organization reduces its human elements to cogs and parts of an automaton. In England it binds human beings into a group, which retains initiative on the part of the individual and adds to it the increased competence of the group. In France organization is the minor fact, the individual is everything.

Aside from the emphasis which national and racial traits give to their different ways of man hunting, these things are also determined by the manner in which men are chosen in these countries to become detectives. In England the instinct is against the creation of a man-hunting class. Scotland Yard, therefore, looks for its raw material among the common people, preferably those near the soil. The Metropolitan Police send scouting teams into the country and offer sufficiently inviting terms to splendid physical specimens to join the police force of London. They investigate most carefully the moral character of the applicants, take the successful ones to London, and school them to become one of the world-famous force of "bobbies." Then if a man shows special aptitude for detective work he has to pass an examination, is given a special training in the detective school of Scotland Yard, and is allowed to work his way up to the top of the system as fast as merit entitles him to promotion. Three elements in his education are constantly stressed—the jealously guarded right of every citizen to untrammeled freedom until sufficient evidence is available to justify arrest; the subordination of individual benefit to the good of the group; the duty of every individual to develop initiative and some degree of specialization.

In Germany the practice is to limit the detective force to men who have had at least nine years' training in the regular army. By the time a candidate becomes a member of the detective staff he is usually past the plastic stage of life and set in his ways. His army life has drilled every vestige of individuality out of him. He is confronted with a future in which he can rise only a grade or two, no matter how efficient he turns out to be. The higher ranks in the service can be reached only through a university training. The result is that the German detective can be depended upon only to follow a routine. It is a machine that the German system demands, rather than an organization.

In Vienna the detective system can draw on neither a people gifted with regimentalized efficiency, nor the individual efficiency of the Scotland Yard man or the French detective. Yet the man hunting done by the Vienna police equals in efficiency any other in Europe. For, in the professorial chairs, the laboratories, and the research departments of Austrian universities man hunting has attained its highest development. In Vienna it is not organization or the individual detective or a marvelous machine that hunts the

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criminal most successfully, but modern science with its microscope, chemical reagents, the orderly processes of inductive reasoning, carried out by professors, and a minimum contribution on the part of the professional detective.

Let us illustrate with the murder and robbery of a millionaire recluse who lived in a villa on the border of Wiener Wald. He was found dead in his barn, his skull crushed in with some blunt instrument which could not be found. The only clue left by the murderer was a workman's cap. Dr. Gross in his celebrated work on criminal investigation, which is the most exhaustive study of the science of man hunting in existence, stresses the importance of hairs and dust as clues. The inside of the cap, therefore, was carefully examined and two hairs found, which were not those of the murdered man. These hairs were placed under the microscope, experts called in, and the following was ascertained as the description of the man to whom those hairs belonged: "Man about forty-five years old; robust constitution; turning bald; brown hair, nearly gray and recently cut." The cap was placed in a tough paper bag, sealed, and beaten with a stick as hard as possible. When it was opened again there was dust at the bottom of the bag. This dust was microscopically examined and chemically analyzed. Disregarding the elements that came obviously from the floor of the barn where the cap was found it was discovered that wood dust, such as is found in the shop of a carpenter, predominated. But there were also found minute particles of glue. The combination pointed to a wood joiner.

There was such a man living near the scene of the crime, who also answered to the description derived from the two hairs, a man of morose temperament rendered desperate by drink and poverty. A search of his premises for the instrument which might have caused the death of the murdered man yielded a hammer and two mortar pestles. The hammer with its octagonal nose was found incapable of inflicting the shape of the wound in the man's skull. The pestles fitted. There were two of them, an iron one rusted in spots and a polished brass one. The rust spots on the iron one were found on chemical analysis to be due to water. But under the metal polish of the brass pestle, when it was carefully scraped away, were found remnants of stains which on analysis and microscopic examination proved to be blood. By a system of reagents developed by Professor Uhlenhut the blood was found to be that of the murdered man. After the investigation had proceeded a little further the murderer broke down and confessed his guilt.

Nothing is too small or insignificant to furnish clues to the Vienna school of laboratory detectives. The marks of teeth on a cigar holder left on the scene of the murder were found to indicate unusually long canines, a clue which led to the murderer. The dust found in pocket knives or clasp knives with which crimes had been committed brought many a criminal to justice wholly through laboratory methods.

The readiness of the German police to search, arrest, and detain citizens on the slightest ground, and the methods employed by the French police in extracting confessions from suspected persons vary fundamentally from the procedure followed in man hunting by the English. When a Scotland Yard man, backed with a warrant, makes an arrest he is compelled by law to say to his prisoner: "Do you wish to make any statement? I warn you that anything you say now may be used against you. You are not required to make any statement." It is generally acknowledged that a confession extorted from an accused would be barred as evidence in English courts. In contrast to this is the brilliant record made by a Paris detective in tricking arrested suspects into confessions. This man would cultivate the friendship of the accused, say, of murder. Outside of prison the detective would spend most of his time investigating not so much evidence of the prisoner's guilt but his grievance against the murdered man. Then one day he would rush into the accused man's cell, his face burning with indignation. "My friend!" he would exclaim. "I don't understand why you hesitate for one instant in confessing that you killed that snake! I am not a bad man myself. But if any man ruined my business and outraged the woman I love and did a tenth of the vile things that snake did to you, I would kill him and be proud of it!" "Isn't that so?" the accused would exclaim—and find himself betrayed.

In England a man's home is his castle and a detective is limited accordingly. No search can be effected, no arrest made without a warrant based on such evidence as will convince a judge in open court. In Berlin a police lieutenant boasted with truth to a student of European police methods: "I can have my neighbor arrested, his house searched, and the man detained in prison for twenty hours even if he is innocent as a lamb. And I can do it without a process beforehand or being made to answer for it afterward."

This free hand the German police has, together with the infinitely elaborate net in which the German public consents to live, gives its detectives a tremendous advantage over the English. A man's house in Germany is not his castle; an accused can be forced to testify against himself; the *habeas corpus* is not the institution it is in England. As Sir William Harcourt said: "You must not be surprised if the English police is sometimes foiled, baffled, or defeated. . . . It is the price England pays for a system which she justly prefers." On the other hand the German system does not necessarily argue a slavish people. The German is equally surprised at the English lack of the institution of the *Meldewesen* and other aids to the police. "What do people in England do to find where a certain criminal is?" a German asked in discussing the *Meldewesen*. "And why should I resent the *Meldewesen* when it operates to protect me against the criminal? Also suppose I want to find out the address of any man in Berlin or Dresden. For a small fee the police will get it for me. As for the right of search and arrest, well, an innocent man will not suffer long. In return he gets the protection of a system from which the criminal undergoes a maximum of insecurity."

As the criminal becomes more and more international in his operations, more and more cosmopolitan in his knowledge of the ways of man hunters, so the latter, too, are forced to become broader in their hunting methods. The science and some of the organization technique of the Austrians and the Germans are being added to the equipment of Scotland Yard. Republican Germany, on the other hand, is modifying some of the autocratic police abuses established by an imperial regime. Paris police are working in close harmony with Scotland Yard and are assimilating from them some of the lessons of team work. Vienna is borrowing German organization and Scotland Yard emphasis on the selection of the raw material of its detective force and has surpassed Scotland Yard in the educational training it now gives its operatives. Some day there may even come true the dream of several visionaries among police chiefs—an international police headquarters in The Hague or in some other city from where man hunting in Europe will proceed on a world-wide scope and with the combined skill of all nations.

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The Desecration

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

Dublin, December 18

WITHIN the last five weeks I have been for some days off and on in Dublin, and have also visited the following scenes of recent devastation or murder, or both: Templemore, Thurles, Mallow, Castleisland, Tralee, Ardfert, Foynes, Limerick, Killaloe, Scarriff, Raheen, Gort, Ardahan, Galway, Tuam, Swineford, Belfast, and Cork, in that order. On my way I have also seen the ruins of the partially or utterly destroyed creameries at Loughmore, Ballymacelligott, Abbeydorney, and Lixnaw, and the cooperative stores at Foynes. In all those places, with the possible exception of Killaloe and Swineford, private houses, people's halls, or public buildings had been burnt out, and in many of them murders had recently been committed by groups of men whom everyone in the place or district believed to be members of British armed forces, either military or police.

If reprisals upon innocent and untried people could ever be justified, excuse might be pleaded in a few of those cases, where members of British armed forces had been kidnapped, ambushed, shot at, or killed by unknown people who probably maintained they were at war with the British Government. But, as Mr. Justice Pim said in his charge to the grand jury in Belfast on the first of the month, "There can be no legal reprisals. If reprisals were carried out, or if there were an excuse for that kind of thing, it would lead directly and absolutely to anarchy, and to nothing else."

In Ireland it is leading to anarchy and nothing else. The worst of it is that the anarchy of reprisals is being produced by the representatives of "law and order." In Belfast and other towns of the northeast corner, reprisals have been perpetrated by Protestant and Orange mobs. But I suppose that there is not one human soul living in Ireland who even pretends to believe that the reprisals in the rest of the country are not the work of the British reinforcements to the armed police, whether Auxiliaries or Black and Tans proper, or, in far fewer cases, the work of the regular British army. In Ireland I have never heard or read even a suggestion of any other agency. Besides, the question always recurs: if the agents of the "reprisals" are not in the service of the Government, how do they procure the motor lorries in which they rush through the streets of cities and through the country, and the rifles with which one sees them firing at random? How do they secure the immunity to prowl in cities at night and burn out buildings such as the *Freeman's Journal* office or the Sinn Fein Bank in Dublin, or the great shops and Sinn Fein Clubs in Cork, where the earlier burnings were all done during curfew hours? Or how is it that a party of five or six in the Auxiliary uniform could with impunity rush into the shops and homes of Catholic Irish people and smash all the goods, glass, furniture, and other possessions, as I saw had been done in Cork last week, while they kept crying, "We'll teach you to mock at us!"

I do not know who imagines himself in control of these Auxiliaries on such occasions. The men are supposed to be all ex-officers. In thirty years' fairly intimate acquaintance with the British army, I have never seen officers like these. General Tudor tells us they get a guinea a day. What more they acquire I cannot say, but many of them behave more like a gang of bandits let loose upon a poor and distracted country than like the British officers to whom I have hitherto been accustomed.

Cardinal Logue is an old man—a man of known moderation and studied discretion. Let me, then, recall a passage from his Pastoral Letter of three weeks ago. After saying that men had been taken from their homes and shot because they were suspected of sympathy with Sinn Fein, their captors acting as judges, juries, and executioners, he continued:

> Lorries laden with armed men career through the country day by day, and when the unhappy people seek cover or fly, as one naturally would when a cry is raised of a mad dog at large, or a savage beast escaped from a menagerie, that flight is taken as sufficient proof of guilt, and they are pitilessly shot down at sight. No false pretences, no misrepresentations, no pall of lies, even though they were as dark as Erebus, can screen or conceal the guilt of such proceedings from anyone who knows and can weigh the facts.

It is difficult to give names or direct evidence, except where the victim has been actually killed and so is free from harm. When Mr. Edward Lysaght gave evidence about the character of his assistant, Connor Clune, who was slaughtered in a chamber of Dublin Castle "for attempting to escape," just as the brother of Mr. Lysaght's chief manager had been slaughtered on Killaloe bridge a few days before "for attempting to escape," the store of his Cooperative Workers' Society at Raheen was promptly looted. Mr. Lysaght is known to all Ireland as one of the greatest benefactors of his country, owing to his experiments in cooperative farming, and the encouragement of Irish culture and art among the people. What new disaster may happen to him owing to this account (for which I have his leave) one can only fear.

What may be the Government's intentions with regard to the Irish nation, I cannot tell. But I do know something about the present condition of the people under our Government's methods. Martial law and open war could hardly make it more pitiable. Cardinal Logue's comparison is exact. *The people live as though a mad dog might spring upon them at any minute and from any corner. It is a life of perpetual fear and strain. No man who has any sympathy with the national cause (one of the causes for which we were told the Great War was fought) can regard his property or his life as secure from evening to morning. No woman can regard her home as safe. It is safer to take the children for refuge to the bogs and mountains. The children cannot sleep at night. Doctors tell me that St. Vitus's dance and other nervous affections are terribly on the increase among the young. Men, women, and children, against whom there is no proof or charge or even suspicion of guilt in any kind, are insulted, humiliated, and brutally treated.* To my mind the insolence and scorn which will prompt armed men to thrash passers-by with whips as a joke, or to compel them to kneel in the mud and take the oath of allegiance at the revolver's point, or to sing "God Save the King" under compulsion in a cinema, reveal a lower depth of degradation in our Government's agents than the more violent "reprisals" of pillage, arson, and murder. Of one thing at least I am certain: whatever martial law may accomplish, or discussions on truce suggest, there can be no possible hope of peace or of truce until, as the first step, the Auxiliaries and Black and Tans are withdrawn or disarmed, and such arms as may still be thought necessary are limited to Irish police who have some feeling for their countrymen, and to regular troops who have some respect for their officers and the honor of our English name.

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In the Driftway

SO Betelgeuse is twenty-seven million times as big as our puny little sun, and may have scores of inhabited worlds hanging about it, each with a dozen attentive moons as large as the ball of mud which we find so troublesomely diverse and big. The Drifter wonders if those far-off planets have canals, and if their astronomers think to discover canals on other planets, and if the small boys of Betelgeuse's satellites have half as good a time in those sluggish streams as he had in the old Erie Canal. The Drifter considered himself something of an astronomer in the days when the Erie Canal lay just beyond the schoolroom windows, and he remembers many an anxious night dreading the sight of ruddy Betelgeuse—"bottlejuice," he called it—rising above the winter horizon to warn him that the hour was already past when his parents had bade him be home.

* * * * *

WILL the Barge Canal ever be as fair as the old Erie? And can the canals of Mars or of more distant constellations have half the charms of that muddy ditch? Do the boys of Betelgeuse's universe, so far away that light, speeding 186,000 miles a second, takes a hundred and fifty years to reach the Erie's towpath, swim, and skate, and, when the canal is low in autumn, boldly chase the dangerous bullhead in its shallows, as the Drifter did in the old Erie? The Drifter still thrills at the thought of the magnificent mudfields of the Wide-Waters when the canal is emptied, when every puddle holds new wonders, and adventure calls the small boy over his shoe's depth of mud in search of mussel shells more beautiful to his awed eye than any mother-of-pearl, of larger snails than any canal had ever before yielded, and of stranger fish to languish and die in his untended aquarium. He can still feel a shudder at the thought of winter's first ice, when he had to slide hard to get past the thin edge to the solid ice in the middle, and when the unwary skater gliding magnificently Fairportward might feel the ice crack and give under his feet, and sit ingloriously on the mud bottom in two feet of shallow but very cold canal. He recalls the Dingle, watered by the canal's leakage, where he saw his first Cape May warbler; he remembers the guilty joys of swimming in the canal's forbidden dirty water, and the sense of God-sent retribution that came with a rash that followed a swim, but which later years taught him was due to poison sumach bordering the canal. And the locks, and the old lock-tender, and hours passed in watching them; and his first overnight vagabond journey on a canal-boat. Do the Martian boys and the little Betelgeusians have half as good a time with their canals? Or have they such developed brains that the children are too mature for unintellectual joys?

* * * * *

ANATOLE FRANCE, meditating upon the inevitable chilling of this world of ours, wonders what race of beings will succeed man when the temperature drops too low to support our frail existence. If evolution be true to her erratic past, it will not be a direct offshoot of our temporarily dominant *genus homo*. Anatole France looks to some form of butterfly as Life's highest achievement. The superhumans of Mars and Betelgeuse may, like the butterfly, be inferior in brains, but surpass us in other ways. The butterfly, instead of wasting love in youth, and living on into gray old age, is caterpillar first; he eats and plods when young, and then, emerging into winged beauty at the end, lives for a brief season untrammeled by harsh needs of food and toil, has love at the last, and dies in the full blow of life's climax. Perhaps the dominant creatures of the distant worlds fret less, with less brains than we, but are born senile, and grow old into youth's warm passion.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Baseless Slander

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is currently stated that the Allies paid rent, and are still paying rent, to the private owners of the lands used as battlefields during the war and now for military purposes in Europe. Can you give me the facts and authorities which I may quote on this, if it be a fact? WALTER THOMAS MILLS

Berkeley, California, December 22

[There is no basis whatever for this rumor. It is an echo of anti-Ally propaganda during the war.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Inexpensive Classics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hate to say a good word on behalf of a publisher, for such action is against the best and oldest tradition of the guild to which I belong. But why bewail the sad fate of the Everyman Library when a similar American effort continues, against great odds, to provide us with an increasing list of ninety-cent classics? It is very unfortunate indeed that the paper manufacturers and the printers and the binders of Great Britain have made the further fabrication of reasonably priced books an impossibility. But our own printers and lithographers and binders have nobly striven to do likewise, and if I am not mistaken their warfare upon good but cheap books will be continued for another twelve months. The continued appearance of the Modern Library series is the sort of thing which would throw all good hundredpercenters into an ecstasy of pride. Those of us who, less pure, still confess to a love of letters and art, show our joy in a less boisterous way, but we appreciate the battle on behalf of popularly priced classics with sincere gratitude.

New York, January 4 LIBER ALTER

Baron Rosen's Testimony

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* has made no comment on the interesting disclosures of Baron Rosen's "Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life," more particularly his insistence from the start that the Revolution of March, 1917, was a demand of the Russian masses for peace. The large newspapers of Russia refused to publish Rosen's articles. He appealed to Maxim Gorky, who printed his views in the Socialist paper, *Novaya Zhisn*, and thus won for their author the epithet of pro-German and Bolshevik.

Rosen saw clearly that the only salvation for Russia from disruption and anarchy was the speedy conclusion of a general negotiated peace on the basis of the new democracy's formula of no annexations and no indemnities and in accord with President Wilson's principles and with the Reichstag's resolution of July 19, 1917. As a lover of his country and the old established order he worked for such a peace. But the intelligentsia of Russia and the influential and moneyed classes of all the Allied countries, like the militarists of Germany, were eager to have the war go on and let it go on another year and three-quarters because they were callous and found it a good thing.

Cleveland, Ohio, December 28 RICHARD E. STIFEL

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Books

Effects in Verse

A Prophet of Joy. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Blood of Things. A Second Book of Free Forms. By Alfred Kreymborg. Nicholas L. Brown.

The New Adam. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

In April Once. By William Alexander Percy. Yale University Press.

Moons of Grandeur. A Book of Poems. By William Rose Benét. George H. Doran Company.

Heavens and Earth. A Book of Poems. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Henry Holt and Company.

The House of Dust. A Symphony. By Conrad Aiken. The Four Seas Company.

Poems. By Haniel Long. Moffat, Yard and Company.

October, and Other Poems; With Occasional Verses on the War. By Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Birds, and Other Poems. By J. C. Squire. George H. Doran Company.

Neighbours. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. The Macmillan Company.

MR. BRADFORD'S poem is a parable of society's salvation in six books and 567 "Don Juan" stanzas. The prophet-hero, a young, angelic Quixote of a millionaire, proposes as a road to freedom not anarchism or socialism or syndicalism but sheer golden joy and the irrepressible grace of good nature. His is the old story of regeneration (practical union-leaders would call it being bored) from within. He dances through the world preaching soft, pure joy in the hardest of places—prayer meetings, business houses, political rostrums, socialist and anarchist conventions, and labor wars—but is everywhere repulsed for a meddling fool and is finally trampled to death under a strikers' mob which he has tried to melt with his sunshine. Thus the butterfly flutters into the mouth of the threshing machine. Mr. Bradford consents to the catastrophe as natural, but implies that the future will witness butterflies coming in such profusion that they will choke the threshing machine and cover its whole frame with a heap of beauty. He is hardly convincing on that point, since the genius of joy which he invokes is incorrigibly trivial. He takes pains to show what it is that he is not talking about—Christian Science, Sunday school morality, silly altruism—but we are never sure what it is that he is talking about, and never sure that his is not the nambiest-pambiest of palliatives. His stanzas are occasionally merry, but most of the time they bear a heavy burden of self-conscious rhyme.

Mr. Kreymborg is burdened neither with rhyme nor with reason. He is as incapable of expressing a theory about society as he is of composing a "Don Juan" stanza. He may indeed have in his possession the one idea needful for the salvation of us all; but we shall never get it out of him. Nine-tenths of "Blood of Things" is unintelligible, or if intelligible is irrelevant to any human concern. The one-tenth which is intelligible and relevant is diffuse to the point of evaporation. Vers libre was invented, or at least has been accepted, as a means whereby poets might avoid having to use words which they did not want to use; in the hands of Mr. Kreymborg and others it becomes the excuse for swarms of words which no one wants to read. Mr. Kreymborg is encouraged by his particular kind of free verse in a habit of reckless ratiocination. He has a passion for expressing things forward and backward, up and down, and from side to side. His effect is not the effect of thought, or even of the garment of thought; it is the effect of the garment of thought unraveled, strung out into ungainly, kinkled threads of desperate discourse. Here is precisianism without preciseness; here is the mathematics of a March hare. Here is the way not to say the last word. The Japanese used to say the last word in 17 or 31 syllables; Mr. Kreymborg fails to get it said within 150 pages.

Mr. Untermeyer aims at nothing short of a revolution in love-poetry. For the "one-dimensional effects" of Victorian amatory verse, for the monotony of Tennysonian adoration and Swinburnian intoxication, he would substitute a species of communication admitting, along with the "major emotions," the "minor moods of irony, irritation, frivolity, ennui, . . . the little fluctuating phases of love which, besides being ecstatic and mystical, are so often petulant, sportive, cynical, sometimes merely companionable, sometimes actually flippant and vulgar." He would return to Marlowe, Drayton, Donne, Suckling, Carew, Marvell, and Prior. It is well enough in the preface to a volume of poems to castigate patent poetry of any sort, but it is better yet to produce poems which transcend patentism. Mr. Untermeyer, glib of phrase and smug of meter, merely writes patent poetry of another sort. He is casual, as he promised, and flippant, and frank, and dutifully vulgar; but seldom is his effect other than that of an agile pen tracing a facile passion.

The roughest seasons have their poets who, subscribing to a tutored and more or less fragile tradition, tease fine music out of the obscurest strings. Mr. Percy has returned to thirteenth-century Florence for the setting of a blank-verse play, and to the ancient Greek scene for inspiration in song. He is by no means distinguished, and he is somewhat too fond of his literary good manners, but he has done some shapely, thoroughbred exercises in elegy and exultation. William Rose Benét, a poet who was taught Browning by his father and whose muse is at home in a very wide world of allusion, exploits for dramatic monologues Venice, Rome, Milan, Egypt, Scandinavia, Saxon England, sixteenth-century Mexico, and the Western plains of North America when the Indians rode free. A poet so fertile and diversified is bound to be interesting, and one cannot but recognize Mr. Benét's gifts of streaming phrase and bannered fancy; at the same time one often misses the clear, strong note of nature, often feels the absence from this work of actual blood and bone. Stephen Vincent Benét, a brother, is equally lavish with his material, and in the same degree unreal. He has a swirling dexterity in syntax and rhythm, and practices a gorgeous, hot impressionism. He is an excellent teller of luxurious stories, stories of purple murder done in a world of typhoons and orchids. His lighter poems, including some burlesque sonnets, are too confiding. Mr. Aiken, as his title-page admits, has written music rather than poetry. His subject is Life, and his aim has been to make us overhear stray bits of it, not hear it steadily and hear it whole. He has held the musical equivalent of a kaleidoscope up to nature, with whose aid we receive, out of a dim, uncertain chaos of people passing to and fro, occasional ripples and whimpers of clear sound. Episodes, ill-defined and prematurely broken off, swiftly come one after another, so that we never quite know what is happening; we only assume, if we are tractable, that this is Life.

It is a relief to turn to poets who always do definite things and who sometimes do perfect things, if only in a small way. Mr. Long, in Barakeesh, The Herd Boy, Three Quakers, Madness, A Sea Maiden, and The Moon Beloved, has been droll and chaste and practically perfect. Not that he deals in flat and trivial materials; he moves by preference through delicate, dim between-worlds. It is his art that is definite, his naive quatrains and couplets that are perfect. Mr. Bridges was created to do small things in poetry, and to do them very well. At his best he has a fainting, fairy fineness, a fern-leaf, sun-lace touch. For the bland and ready Pindarism of the laureateship he is weirdly unfit. The patriot-moralist's cloak wraps twice around his figure when he dresses for an ode. It is only in his private moments that he produces poems of lonely beauty and unearthly temperature like the admirable Philosopher and his Mistress. Mr. Squire in his latest and very slight volume is definite in the least complimentary sense of that word, being

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what is the deadliest thing for a poet to be, literal. His head is clearer than his poetry is fine; he is sober, and he has a vein of reflection not wholly resembling other men's, but the strength that he has is displayed rather than implied, and his metaphors, of which he apparently is proud, are painfully overdeveloped.

The only definitely interesting section of Mr. Gibson's new book is the first, called Neighbours, containing a series of grim rural monologues and dialogues. The other sections are filled with turgid sonnets and monotonous quatrains about the war. The monologues and dialogues unquestionably derive from the poems of Thomas Hardy. Their laconic business is to reveal desperate situations suddenly discovered to exist between husbands and wives. They are square and plain and honest, and they are interesting to the last syllable, without ever pulling at the roots of the imagination as Mr. Hardy's can, or as Robert Frost's still complexer recitals do. Mr. Hardy and Mr. Frost, whatever points they want to make, begin by being absorbed with persons whom they profoundly see and feel; Mr. Gibson, having an imagination less original and tenacious, begins with the idea of a condition he wants to exploit, or a point he wants to reach, and artificially, if professionally, proceeds in that direction.

MARK VAN DOREN

The End of the Trilogy

Men and Steel. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boni and Liveright.

WITH "Men and Steel" the trilogy of the steel strike is complete. Foster's book told what may be called, in no slighting sense, the professional labor leader's story. The Interchurch Report set down with authority the facts and figures about the labor policy of the employers and its result. Mrs. Vorse speaks as a poet. An incalculable, a terrific thing happened in the soul of the nation when three hundred thousand steel workers and their families arose to demand justice and were crushed back into the maw of the furnaces, into their own helplessness and discouragement. Foster gave us the blue-print, and the Interchurch Commission the statistical survey; Mrs. Vorse has written the tragedy.

The Principality of Steel is a majestic, a beautiful, and a cruel kingdom. It covers many states and rules hundreds of towns; it extends from the great red open-pits of Mesaba, with engines crawling along their sides like beetles, to the gigantic blast furnaces of Homestead, to the mills flaring red upon the rivers at night and sending up pillars of smoke by day. Their rows of stacks loom across the sky like Gargantuan organ pipes. Before the pomp and power of steel, one scarcely thinks of men at all. In the mills the men are almost hidden, servants of the levers and slaves of the furnace doors; outside the mills they are huddled in drab piles of huts. To find women here in the houses, washing for their children and spreading the curtains eternally to dry, to find children, wholesome, merry children playing in the muddy alleys, is as startling as it would be to find mortal families dwelling on the borders of Inferno.

Mrs. Vorse has built up this picture by vivid spots of color which seem for a while chosen at random, just as they would flash upon a sensitive observer as he looked about him at this strange country. Gradually the things of steel take form before the eyes, then the people of steel, then the revolt of the people against the things. We receive the same sense from the book which those of us who were there received from the reality, and which none of us but Mrs. Vorse has adequately expressed: that this was not merely a quarrel for domination, that it was a heroic thrust of humanity upon "chaos and the dark," that it was symbolic of the high drama of the earth. How hopeless was the struggle of these simple people against the impersonal power of the corporations, against the cold and hypocritical hostility of officials and institutions, against the ignorance and prejudice of the public, against the silence which robbed them of the knowledge of their own achievements and insulated them from the courage of their fellows! Each man in his own house, waiting, waiting, drawing every day nearer the time when there would be no more bread for his wife and children, had to nourish himself against doubt by a superb faith. And at the end, the breaking of that faith was far more cruel than blows from State constabulary or the return to a life of nothing but toil and sleep. We are not likely soon to forget the sobbing of the big Slav in the silent hallway outside the strike headquarters at Youngstown, when he had been scabbing because he thought the strike was over, and knew now it would soon be over in earnest.

It is a beautiful and a terrible book, because like a true work of art it embodies the elemental beauty and terror of life. If we think of the sacrifice of individual persons and individual causes, and of the vengeance that some day is likely to be exacted for those sacrifices, it will depress and frighten us. But if we think of the mighty faith of the humble that some day must triumph, it will strengthen our courage. Mrs. Vorse might have ended with the prophecy of Zephaniah: "Woe to her that is rebellious and polluted! to the oppressing city! . . . Her princes in the midst of her are roaring lions; her judges are evening wolves; they leave nothing till the morrow. Her prophets are light and treacherous persons; her priests have profaned the sanctuary, they have done violence to the law. . . . Therefore wait ye for me, saith Jehovah, until the day that I rise up to the prey; for my determination is to gather the nations, that I may assemble the kingdoms, to pour upon them mine indignation, even all my fierce anger; for all the earth shall be devoured by the fire of my jealousy. . . . Behold, at that time I will deal with all them that afflict thee; and I will save that which is lame, and gather that which was driven away; and I will make them a praise and a name, whose shame hath been in all the earth."

GEORGE SOULE

Chapters of Medical History

The Dawn of Modern Medicine. By Albert H. Buck. Yale University Press.

A LOOSE and disorderly arrangement greatly lessens the usefulness of this stately volume, which appears as "the third work published by the Yale University Press on the Williams Memorial Publication Fund." Dr. Buck says in his preface that it is in the main "a continuation and amplification" of his earlier work, "The Growth of Medicine." After completing the latter he was unexpectedly given access to a collection of medical works in the library of Transylvania College, at Lexington, Kentucky. This collection, purchased in Paris in 1819, had remained unexplored by historians of medicine for nearly a century. Dr. Buck went to Lexington and spent seven months studying it. Unluckily, the fruits of his labor do not testify very eloquently to the value of the collection. The material of genuine interest that he presents might have been discovered without difficulty in any of the medical libraries of France or in the superb collection of the Surgeon General of the Army at Washington.

Worse, the circumstances of his inquiry give a decidedly lopsided character to his book. All the stress is laid upon French physicians and surgeons at the expense of their colleagues in other countries, and though it is undoubtedly true that French medical men, during the period he covers—"from the early part of the eighteenth century to about 1860"—played parts of enormous importance in the development of their art, particularly on the surgical side, it is equally true that advances of the utmost value were also made elsewhere. As a result of this stress men of obviously inferior talents are given a false significance. For example, Raphael-Bienvenu Sabatier. Sabatier was a respectable surgeon in Paris from 1756 to 1811, "highly esteemed by his professional brethren," but there is not the slightest indication that he stood appreciably above many others of his kind, or that he had anything whatsoever to do

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with "the dawn of modern medicine." So with Desgenettes, Napoleon's chief medical inspector. Desgenettes was Larrey's superior, but is certainly not to be mentioned in the same breath with him. If any one man was to blame for the chronic inefficiency of Napoleon's medical service, Desgenettes was. He contributed nothing to surgery. And the only example of his medical skill cited by Dr. Buck shows him to have been an utter ignoramus.

Unfortunately, this lack of a sense of proportion, so essential to the medical historian, is not the worst defect of Dr. Buck's book. It contains a number of slips that almost deserve to be called howlers. On page 109, for example, in discussing the pre-vaccination method of protecting patients against smallpox by the heroic device of inoculating them with the actual disease, he gravely says that "no satisfactory evidence was forthcoming that these inoculations possessed the slightest degree of genuine protective power." And on page 50 he falls into the almost inconceivable error of confusing Konrad Johann Martin Langenbeck, one of the founders of modern surgery, with his equally famous nephew, Bernhard Rudolph, the successor of Dieffenbach at Berlin and for many years the chief military surgeon of Germany. It is difficult to imagine such a blunder being made by an author with access to ordinary medical reference books, or, indeed, to ordinary encyclopedias. What one derives from it and from Dr. Buck's frequent complaints about his difficulties in research—on page 262, for instance, he says that he is unable to find out what sort of work is done at the Saint-Louis Hospital in Paris at the present time—is a feeling that he is an historian full of a laudable curiosity and diligence, but not very well informed and surely not gifted with any special capacity for his task.

His book, in brief, presents a good deal of interesting raw material, but it is not a history. Its arrangement is casual and often absurd. It confuses men of the highest importance and men of no importance at all. It presents a chaotic and unintelligible picture of the progress of the medical sciences during the period under review. The syndics of the Williams Memorial Fund would do well to choose and edit their publications more carefully.

H. L. MENCKEN

Hyphenate

The Hyphen. By Lida C. Schem. E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE central figure in the German-American group that peoples "The Hyphen" is Guido von Estritz. His father was an enthusiastic political theorist who found his ideal in the powerful centralized government of Hohenzollern Germany; his mother was Princess Vasalov, a distant kinswoman of the Romanovs and an ardent revolutionist with several assassinations to the credit of her convictions. These two opposed individuals who experienced the flame of a mutual passion foresaw in their union the possibility of a synthetic child in whom conflicting heritages would combine for profound wisdom and exceptional clarity of vision, and whose life would be the accomplishment of a great destiny. With these high hopes was Guido born. The father died, the mother was thrown into prison, and the care of the precious baby was undertaken by one Ursula von Wendt who had loved Guido's father with an unrequited affection. It had been the parents' determination that the synthetic child should be reared and educated without any taint of that dread force called bias. To carry out this parental desire Ursula von Wendt, Frau Hauser as she became, fled with her charge to the neutral soil of America. The story follows the development of the synthetic victim. The exclusion of all bias becomes the sedulous care of Guido's foster-mother. For almost a thousand pages Guido endures every agony of doubt that is known to man. His soul is swept by the biting winds of all doctrines. Then comes the war to add its deluge to his sea of troubles. More torture at the perfidy of a race whose blood is half his own! Applied Christianity in the form of socialism ensnares his imagination for a while, but he frees himself when he comes to know some of its least desirable exponents. Meanwhile his heart causes him extreme distress. He successfully, if rather unbelievably, plays Joseph to a succulent charmer; he falls in love with a girl who is ideally suited to his nature; and then he proceeds to stumble into an engagement with a German-American doll who is the incarnation of chaste dulness.

Most very long novels are a sad mixture of virtue and fault, but "The Hyphen" is a masterpiece of inequality even when judged in the company of its own kind. Excellent in parts, it is dismally unsatisfactory as a whole; rich in promise, it is a triumph of frustration. The author, apparently, drew the plans for an imposing work of fiction, but as the business of construction proceeded she became so engrossed in ornamental details and features of dubious importance that she mislaid her drawings. The great pity of it is that Miss Schem possesses nearly all the gifts that go to make a novelist. Her language, although a little tortuous at times, is usually vigorous and effective; she can create characters, and she can, when she allows herself such a diversion, write flowing narrative. But though she can write convincing conversation she does not know when to stop. She endows her characters with true Russian loquacity. At times their interminable discussions are spirited and vital, but often enough they are as devoid of life as the records of a Monophysite controversy.

BEN RAY REDMAN

The Forsytes

In Chancery. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Awakening. By John Galsworthy. Illustrated by R. H. Sauter. Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHEN you are not reading them, the works of John Galsworthy, reviewed in memory, create a sense of pallor and primness beneath their grace and wisdom, and you wonder whether they were not, after all, written for the class of people described by John Morley, the class which "will tolerate or even encourage attacks on the greater social conventions, and a certain mild discussion of improvements in them—provided only neither attack nor discussion be conducted in too serious a vein." Then a new play or a new novel by Mr. Galsworthy appears and you read it. The pallor begins to glow and the primness to fade, and you face, with a little shock of astonishment, not only one of the first artists but one of the most intrepid thinkers of the age. The faint hues of his books in memory are once more seen to be due merely to the studious avoidance not only of any excess in the way of speech, but of any sharp or surprising collocation of words. His style flows on in a very smooth and quiet current. We miss the sudden eddies and swift fountains to which most of our eminent contemporaries have accustomed us. "Free will," writes Mr. Galsworthy, "is the strength of any tie, and not its weakness." It sounds so mild and harmless, this truth which "In Chancery" bears out and illustrates. People scarcely believe Mr. Galsworthy aware that its implications are calculated to obliterate institutions and shatter empires. But the joke is on them. He is intensely aware of it all, while guarding the frugality of his quiet speech.

In his new novel he returns to Soames Forsyte, "the man of property," the last and perfect product of Victorian England—"an epoch which had gilded individual liberty so that if a man had money, he was free in law and fact. An era which had canonized hypocrisy, so that to seem respectable was to be. A great Age whose transmuting influence nothing had escaped save the nature of man and the nature of the universe." Like all the Forsytes, Soames had become very rich, and his sense of property, into which he had packed all ideas of order and culture, of family and the state, had become rigid as bone. But a worm gnaws at the foundations. His wife Irene, who, though she ran away from him twelve years ago, can still stir his emotions and his imagination, will not return to him. He cannot dent her cold, firm hatred. Yet is she not his? The whole structure trembles.

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Soames is forty-five; the days of his last chance of renewing life are numbered; he wants a son to inherit his property and continue his traditions and be to him what he is, so beautifully, to his father. So he must have a divorce and a Forsyte must air his private affairs in a court of law. Property and inheritance are more than spotless repute. Irene goes off to Italy with Jolyon Forsyte, the one outcast, artist, rebel in all that formidable clan, and Soames marries a sane, hard, metallically competent little Frenchwoman, who succeeds in giving him only a daughter. Mr. Galsworthy envelops him in a fine, still, grave irony that misses none of the man's weaknesses, nothing of the real opaqueness of his soul, but that does not make light of the tragic element in his fate. Mr. Galsworthy never lets his utmost penetration make him ruthless. He knows that ruthlessness is simply a failure to perceive the dark and pathetic humanity that lies just beyond the immediate horizon of one's vision. Later the horizon widens and one stands rebuked. It is that rebuke which Mr Galsworthy is careful to avoid.

Soames Forsyte is shown against the background of his tribe and of his period. Occasionally he recedes and other members of his family are drawn into the fuller light. In these episodes, closely woven into the texture of the story—a tale of one man but also a continuation of the "Forsyte saga"—Mr. Galsworthy has produced some of his best and most memorable pages. Two of these passages may be selected to illustrate the ripeness and serenity of his art: the return of that amiable rogue, Montague Dartie, to Winifred Forsyte, his wife, and the death of old James Forsyte. The episodes dwell in the mind like two pictures—the one a little grotesque, with sharp, jagged lines and edges of soiled scarlet, the other full of monumental whites and grays trailing off into perpetual night. To reread these episodes slowly and watchfully is to gain a very high notion of the art that wrought them. It is both rich and austere. The stuff is magnificent; the arrangement is severe—noble draperies falling in few, simple, inevitable folds.

Jolyon Forsyte and Irene, the two rebels, artists, clarifiers of life, are of course Mr. Galsworthy's personal favorites. There was no way of emphasizing that within the exact framework of "In Chancery." So Mr. Galsworthy wrote the engaging little story "Awakening" to show us through the consciousness of little Jolyon how happy the union of those two wild ones became. The story is slight and the note of tenderness is perhaps too long drawn out. But it throws an agreeable sidelight on the "Forsyte saga" and on Mr. Galsworthy's affection for some of his creatures.

L. L.

The Optimism of an Octogenarian

Accepting the Universe. By John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin Company.

John Burroughs, Boy and Man. By Clara Barrus, M.D. Doubleday, Page and Company.

IT is not many men who could write in the preface to a book, without incurring quick resentment: "All roads lead to the conclusion that this is the best possible world, and these people in it are the best possible people." The prevailing instinct is to smile, either indulgently or wearily, at one who confides that "to feel at home on this planet . . . I look upon as the supreme felicity of life." Mr. Burroughs is licensed to say such things, partly because he is eighty years old, and partly because he is known to have spent his life in discovering what the world, at least the world of Nature, is probably like. His is not that "mealy-mouthed enthusiasm of the lover of Nature" which Thoreau so commendably despised. He is a piece of Nature himself, in a sense. He is a shaggy bear, exposing an eighty-years' store of strong and sensible honey. He is a large old tree, running with excellent clear sap and coated with deeply-seasoned bark. A son of Evolution, he stands freed from the pathetic fallacy, and nowhere reads himself into Nature as Wordsworth and Emerson beautifully did. He demolishes final causes as earnestly as Spinoza demolished them. "The pampered goose was right: all things are just as much for her use as for men's, while there are reasonable doubts whether things were created for the especial use of either." In so far as he approximates the humility of the greatest spirits, he approximates their profundity and their power to move.

But in the end he does only approximate their humility and their profundity; and the reason lies in the reason which he feels for believing that the universe, despite its large regardlessness of man, is the best possible universe. His reason is simply the fact that we exist; a universe that lets us exist must be the best. "In spite of . . . short-comings and delays and roundabout methods, here we are, and here we wish to remain. . . . Whatever has failed, we have succeeded, and the beneficent forces are still coming our way. . . . Some power other than ourselves . . . is more positive than negative, more for us than against us, else we should not be here." Life being ours, all that remains is to make the best of it; and Mr. Burroughs leaves us at that point. But it is precisely there that philosophy begins; and Mr. Burroughs is not a philosopher. He is a naturalist; his vision is as broad as terrestrial time; he leads us over much geological and biological ground to the mind of man. But once confronted with that phenomenon, he is, like many a scientist, evasive; he is reduced to the merest academic platitudes about man's "moral nature," a thing which he cannot describe, let alone explain. The problem of the metaphysician is to state the relation between man now, which is to say always, and the universe now, which is to say always. The naturalist is concerned with the universe always and man now—man in his turn, crawling by no one knows what good luck over crust and slime that other animals once felt at home on. The naturalist may talk as he pleases about the moral nature of man, but this approach to it gives him no clearer notion about it than he already has about the moral nature of the amoeba. The metaphysician is interested in mind as mind, and not as the mind of this or that animal in this or that time. The important distinction for him as a moralist is not between great Nature and little Man, but between great men and little men, between, for instance, Spinoza's man whose reason makes him to some extent aware of himself and the world, and Spinoza's man who is aware of nothing. Mr. Burroughs, to be sure, has something to say about the discipline to be derived from knowing oneself, from reflecting upon what powers around are friendly and what powers are hostile; but he communicates no urge to be wise or good. What really fascinates him, and what he really believes in, is the unchastened, enormous nonchalance of Nature. What he really believes and implies about war, for example, is that it comes and spreads and goes inevitably, like cancer; what he dutifully says about it, that the willing of it is a crime, fails to convince. Mr. Burroughs is manly and eloquent, but he is not actually profound.

His eloquence, as a matter of fact, is against him rather than for him. It is sincere enough, but it lacks the fine and necessary quality of imagination. His is the syntax but not the soul of a sage. His Emersonian aphorisms, rounding off torrents of Emersonian instances, are nothing like as potent as Emerson's ethereal metaphors or Spinoza's crabbed propositions. Spinoza's optimism (the comparison is fair since it is invited) is great because bare, is terribly profound because infinitely abstract. It is so searching that it suggests all examples, so sure of itself that it gives none. Our minds go prowling after Spinoza's, through the divine mathematical dusk of his "Ethics," and supply whatever he left unspoken. Mr. Burroughs, who says more, we respect as much but believe less.

Dr. Barrus's biography, intended at first for boys, but rearranged for "grown-up boys and girls as well," is cheerfully condescending and commonplace. It is nowhere called a "labor of love," but that is what it reads like. Mr. Burroughs deserves something better.

D. M.

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Books in Brief

ARNOLD BENNETT attempts to disarm criticism by his avowed humility and timidity in "Our Women" (Doran). He not only admits his "enormous incapacity for the business" of writing about women, but he shows that "our women," being those of the leisured class, are, after all, only a very small portion of female humanity. Thus to any woman who challenged his statements he could and doubtless would invariably reply: "But of course this does not apply to you, my dear." Having furnished himself with so excellent an avenue of escape, he proceeds to put woman, neatly and expeditiously, in her place. Woman is the most fascinating subject of conversation that men have, confides Mr. Bennett; she is the butt of the great majority of all witticisms; her faults and her virtues have been catalogued a million times, and the list almost inevitably ends off with "The Women! God bless 'em!" followed by loud applause. Although a "feminist to the point of passionateness," Mr. Bennett is constrained to admit that intellectually man is superior to woman, and he brushes aside as partisan the contention that so far woman has not had a chance to show what she can do. But in the field of sentiment woman is supreme. She is also more decorative than man. And her job in life is infinitely harder than his, for since her place is no longer exclusively in the home, she must not only manage a household scientifically (and right here is room for improvement, Mr. Bennett thinks), but she must have a career in addition. At that rate it is no wonder that there are "fifty male poets greater than any woman poet," or that "no woman has achieved either painting or sculpture . . . or music that is better than second-rate." When Mr. Bennett is most serious, he is, by his own confession, platitudinous; when he is most delightful he is not serious. The result is what he doubtless expected it would be: he breakfasts boldly on the lip of the lioness, and she, far from being annoyed at such temerity, smiles a feline smile and playfully strokes him with her paw.

E. S. P. HAYNES, author of "The Case for Liberty" (Dutton), shares with Mr. Belloc the conviction that widely diffused ownership of property is needed to foster the independent spirit and the sense of individual responsibility that may save us from the Servile State. He vigorously resolves with Mr. Chesterton that Britons never shall be slaves to Prohibition. Happy moments of trust in the British instinct for freedom come to him when he contemplates the deplorable dryness across the Atlantic. But at home in the political field the prospect is gloomy. Parliamentary government, like the vote, has become a sham; the leaders of the two major parties are in secret collusion; the bureaucratic state maintains control in the interest of a minority by insidious newspaper propaganda and monopoly of news sources; politicians are the tools of the interests that finance them. England, in short, is a "government of the democrat, by the bureaucrat, for the plutocrat." Mr. Haynes admits that all discussion of liberty is academic so long as war remains, for in war time he believes the state justified in rigorous repression. Though in "normal" times attempted suicide, for instance, should not be punished by the state, in war time only killing under state direction is permissible. But suppose war eliminated. Liberty will depend on the establishment of genuinely representative government, the encouragement of the small land owner and the small investor, a general interest in public affairs, increased local self-government, and the control of politicians by the recall and the referendum. How are these prerequisites to liberty to be secured? Nothing is said of revolution, but it required a revolution to loosen the grip of the great landlords in France and in Russia. More fundamental problems perplex the reader. Which among competing theories of the state does Mr. Haynes accept? Discussion of such a proposal as the joint sovereignty of an industrial and a political parliament would illuminate vague references to that "general will," which thinkers like Mr. Harold Laski regard as a mystical abstraction. The author would certainly agree with Mr. Walter Lippmann that "there can be no liberty for the community which lacks the information by which to detect lies." But he fails even to state the difficulties in the way of a solution of this basic problem of democracy.

FROM untutored savages and children who have hoarded shells, stones, and feathers, to connoisseurs like the Medicis and the Morgans, a constant love of acquiring unusual or intrinsically beautiful objects has shown itself. Do not we ourselves often dream of picking up for a song rare books on the Paris quays, lovely pieces of old silver in England, and old mahogany furniture in remote villages in New England and the South? It is not so much the desire for permanent possession as the interest of gathering the treasures that is the real attraction. Someone has estimated that every collection which does not go into a museum changes hands every twenty years on an average. Collecting is one of the games that even serious people play to lighten the strain of life. Thackeray said in his "Roundabout Papers" of a certain antique and curio shop: "I can never pass without delaying at the windows—indeed, if I were going to be hung, I would beg the cart to stop and let me have one more look at the delightful *omnium gatherum*." The true collector is not merely a gatherer of things but adds knowledge and discriminating taste. Many books have been written to guide him. The "Pleasures of Collecting" by Gardner Teall (Century) condenses into thirty-five brief chapters interesting bits of history, accounts of famous Roman collectors, Cretan discoveries, etc., as well as hints in regard to the relative value of art objects. It is distinctly a man's book, and we find English Jacobite Drinking-Glasses, Japanese Sword-Guards, and Desk-Furniture treated, while fans, lace, and jewelry are robustly omitted.

THE industrial Peerage records no family more illustrious than that of the Murrays. For more than a century and a half the control of the famous publishing house has been handed from father to son, and rests now with John Murray IV, who, in time, will pass it on to John Murray V. The true greatness of the firm was established by John II, who founded the *Quarterly Review*, and was gloriously maintained by his son, who, in addition to so many other important works, published "The Origin of Species" and invented the traveler's handbook idea, later borrowed by Baedeker. The present John Murray has made a rather tame affair of his memoir "John Murray III" (Knopf), which is reprinted with additions from the *Quarterly*. Most of it is taken up with an account of the origin of the handbooks and with letters written by the John Murray III while traveling. One misses such anecdotes and illustrations of literary life as might have been expected from a publisher in close contact with great writers.

AS welcome and as agreeable as E. V. Lucas's books are, the appearance of a new one cannot be called a "literary event," for his fecundity is fearful. You can never be sure just what form his next book will take. Some of them are travels, some "entertainments," some books for children, and some, like "Adventures and Enthusiasms" (Doran), are light essays. Both the adventures and the enthusiasms are mild. Meeting with a melancholy ferryman or meditating on the ideal guest are to Mr. Lucas adventures; and his enthusiasms lie among those defunct departments of literature and art which are usually called quaint. His almost universal success in extracting something delightful out of nothing is subject for amazement. For such perfection in a minor art one must have a never failing interest in the trivialities of life, something of the patience of those who carve the Lord's Prayer on a pin-head, and a complete lack of passion. Mr. Lucas's taste is generally impeccable and sane.

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Drama

The Beggar's Opera

SPENCE'S anecdote of how Swift once observed to Gay "what an odd, pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make," how "The Beggar's Opera" came to be written, and how Congreve, having read the manuscript, remarked that "it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly," is a commonplace of a hundred classrooms. It is also known that the piece did take greatly, that it made Rich the manager gay, and Gay the author rich, that the actress who took the part of Polly married an earl, and that Hogarth painted the whole triumphant company. But the opera itself drifted into gradual forgetfulness. The early nineteenth century revivals were bowdlerized, softened, and sweetened. Johnson, to be sure, had said: "I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at its representation." But he had afterwards added in order to give, Boswell tells us, a heavy stroke, that "there is in it such a labefactation of all principles as may be injurious to morality." The "labefactation" theory prevailed on both sides of the Atlantic. In America, moreover, if we are to believe Hazlitt, "this sterling satire was hooted off the stage," because the Americans "have no such state of matters as it describes before their eyes and have no conception of anything but what they see." Virtue or ignorance, in brief, robbed the English speaking stage for over a century of this strong, witty, and delightful work.

Its very character came to be a matter of dispute. It is, first of all, a dramatic satire in the exact taste of the eighteenth century. To ascribe to highwaymen and women of the town the pseudo-noble sentiments and swelling speech which courtly life had borrowed from the pastoral tradition was obviously amusing to a fashionable audience of 1728. That audience was also, in its own way, politically minded and relished the secondary intention by at once identifying Peachum and Lockit with Walpole and Townshend. So much for the satiric substance. It was the form of "The Beggar's Opera" that made it an unmistakable burlesque of the Italian opera. Whenever the action touches emotion the characters drop speech and express themselves in sudden arias. This was the technique of every opera before Gluck and remains customary in the cruder type of operetta to this day. Contemporary witnesses are quite clear on this point. The Companion of the Playhouse asserted that "The Beggar's Opera" overthrew for a time the Italian opera, "that Dagon of the Nobility and Gentry, who has so long seduced them to idolatry." A final bit of evidence that has not always been given its due weight is the fact that the Italian opera company managed by Handel and Bononcini failed in the very year of Gay's success.

The London production of Mr. Nigel Playfair which Mr. Arthur Hopkins has brought to the Greenwich Village Theater gives us "The Beggar's Opera" in a form as close to the original as our modern lack of leisure permits. The satire now reaches us with all its cold, sardonic force. It is brilliantly gay, but with a cruel sort of gaiety. The Duke of Argyle in his box on that first night of January 29, 1728, was quite sure that the play "would do." He was equally sure that all rogues ought to be hanged and that to make game of them before hanging was vastly good sport. The reprieve given to MacHeath at the last moment does not soften the inner tone which the piece shares with the comedy of Congreve. This high-spirited mercilessness was no doubt in part a literary convention. But such conventions answer to a prevalent mood. Today that mood can be accepted as a purely artistic one within which there live such incomparable nerve and grace, elegance and wit. The verses are as hard but also as translucent as clear agate; the satiric thrusts in the dialogue glitter like rapiers and glide home. We are very fine fellows today and transcend the age of Anne in all our thinking. But we have not its magnificent perfection of literary skill, its power of sheer writing on little things or great. Our musical comedy lyrists do not compose verses like Gay; no pamphlet on the Irish question rivals the "Drapier's Letters" of Swift.

There remains the music, which will appeal more strongly to modern audiences than the wit or action of the fable. The airs were all, in their origin, folk-tunes, and students of popular song complain that the transcriptions were not faithful and that the rhythm and the whole modal character was changed. The lover of music who is not a specialist need not regret this. It was the age of Handel, a march from whose opera "Rinaldo" (1711) is actually introduced. To the modern ear the airs seem all to melt into the mood and pattern of the music of that age, to share its lovely and pure simplicity of melodic line, its clear and sober gravity, its compact and finite charm. This music is as innocent as the gods. It knows neither regret nor yearning. It is not always, not even generally, gay. But the sadness never cries or rebels. It accepts and expresses itself as a plain fact like any other. The melodies are neither like homeless souls nor like gardens in the rain; they are like Grecian urns set in the cool shadow of a well-trimmed tree.

The performance of Mr. Playfair's company is always adequate and often beautiful. Miss Sylvia Nelis has a slovenly enunciation. But her voice is perfect—a round, velvety, yet almost sexless soprano produced with a clean effortlessness even at its mocking little coloratura moments. Mr. Percy Heming acts admirably if he does not sing quite so well. Miss Dora Roselli adds a warmer touch; the parts of Lockit and the elder Peachums are interpreted with ripe and agile comic force. The dances are as grave and graceful as the tunes, and but for the secondary matter of decorative skill the earliest of all musical comedies may still be said to be also the best.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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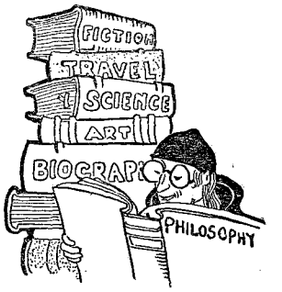

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International Relations Section

Justice to Germany and France

By PIERREPONT B. NOYES

Late American Commissioner in the Rhinelands

THE following article is part of Mr. Noyes's forthcoming book, "While Europe Waits for Peace," and is published by courtesy of The Macmillan Company. Mr. Noyes, as American Delegate on the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission, was the highest American civil official in the Rhineland, and at the time of his resignation it was reported that he had resigned as a protest against the methods of the occupations. He was also President of the Inter-Allied Committee on Coal for the occupied territory; he is now president of the Oneida Community, Ltd.

Europe After the War

Up to the very day war was declared experts insisted, and the people believed, that a general war was for economic reasons impossible, or at least that it must be very brief. Volumes were written to prove that the expense of modern war-making would reduce the richest country to bankruptcy within a few weeks. Yet for more than four years the greatest nations of the world maintained a struggle on the most gigantic scale and with an unremitting intensity of action beyond any war in history. A majority of the male population of Europe, and later of America, either fought in the ranks or produced supplies for the armies, and the destruction of property reached a total hitherto undreamed of. Month after month we saw the armies grow larger and munitions increase, both in quantity and destructive efficiency. All economic traditions were shattered. War came to seem the normal occupation of mankind. As years went by our minds became accustomed to the idea of endless fighting. Financial miracles were commonplaces and people ceased to speculate on the economic conditions which would follow the war. . . .

From a prewar belief that world insolvency must follow even a short general conflict, the average mind swung to the other extreme and came to hold the settlement of the world's war losses as a rather academic problem to be adjusted between victor and vanquished. Especially in America, where there was no devastation and the losses were smallest, people were prepared to minimize the problem of European restoration. As a nation we were war-weary. Our own minor problems of adjustment seemed large. The call for help came faint and confused, and, being far removed from the turmoil in Europe, we allowed ourselves to believe what we wished to believe—that European reorganization was coming along fairly well and that we could safely and conscientiously leave the people of the war-wrecked countries to work out their own salvation.

Unfortunately, our prewar theory that even a short war meant economic ruin was more nearly correct than our later complacency. The only error in this theory arose from overlooking the reserve resources, both material and spiritual, which exist in all nations and which can be temporarily brought to bear when the issue seems life or death.

Like a man in the delirium of fever who performs impossible physical feats, apparently defying all natural laws, nations locked in a death struggle are able to muster forces unsuspected and at other times unavailable. Like the fever patient also, their collapse when the struggle ends is proportionately severe. Europe since the armistice has experienced just such a collapse—economically, politically, and socially. The American people should face the disagreeable fact that little real progress has been made toward European restoration, and that ruin still stalks in plain sight of most of our former Allies; and the additional fact that little progress can be made without our active help. Before entering upon details I ought to add that the repair of material destruction in Europe is greatly hindered by national hatreds and antagonisms, and by the poisoning influence of fear in national councils.

Two days before the French army invaded Frankfort, Darmstadt, and other territory across the Rhine last April, I was officially informed that the French Government had decided on this military move. A high French official to whom I expressed regret and who was, I think, inclined to regret the decision himself, told me that the Government was "being pushed from behind"—that the people in France were forcing the Administration to adopt an aggressive military policy toward Germany.

During June I was discussing the situation with the German Foreign Minister in Berlin. He talked to me very frankly, and in the course of our conversation made one significant statement. "France," said he, "refuses to permit us to make any start toward economic recovery. I admit that France will be taking some chances in letting us become economically strong, but she will have to take those chances or give up any idea of indemnity." These two statements furnish a clue to the psychological factor which is mainly responsible for the "creeping paralysis" now afflicting the continental nations.

The Crux of the Situation—France and Germany

It is very necessary after such a destructive war that suspended production shall be started as promptly as possible. The only remedy for an economic sickness such as exists today in Europe—the only hope of the millions and the only chance for peace lies in *production and more production.* But war not only destroys the products of industry—it disarranges the entire industrial machinery. Hence, each nation must reconstruct its productive system as quickly as possible under pain of social and political degeneration if it fails.

A survey of European conditions and especially of the progress made toward industrial revival by the European nations will be greatly simplified if we concentrate our examination on France and Germany. These two nations have been the hub of the Continental system. They are the seat of the present disease. Within their boundaries live more than 100,000,000 of the best producers in Europe. These two are so situated with reference to other countries that their economic condition is the determining factor in the welfare of most of the continental nations. Together with England (omitting Russia for the present), they represent three-fourths of the productive capacity upon which the 470,000,000 inhabitants of Europe depend for prosperity and happiness.

Great Britain, while she is unquestionably the most favored spot on the European economic map and the only important country making progress, can be neglected in this survey. One has only to consider her debts, her loss of foreign trade, her labor situation, her Irish crisis, and the steady drop in the value of the pound sterling, to recognize that while her indomitable courage and willingness to face her troubles frankly and to tax herself savagely are likely to keep her afloat until she can make the shore, she positively cannot take any one else into the boat without sinking it.

Russia I have omitted because we have little real information as to her condition, and for the time being that country is cut off from the rest of the world. Italy is struggling with an almost hopeless internal situation. A country without coal and formerly very dependent upon foreign capital, she will sink or swim with the failure or success of her larger industrial neigh-

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bors. The little nations, new and old, while in the aggregate they represent with Italy perhaps a quarter of the European production, are so tied economically to the fortunes of France and the old central German bloc, that whatever conditions we find in France and Germany will very largely govern their fate.

Europe, then, must stand or fall with the success or failure of reconstruction and economic revival in France and Germany, and the steady deterioration of Europe's economic condition from the date of the armistice down to the present time has arisen from progressive deterioration in these two countries. They are both sorely wounded; they are poverty-stricken beyond anything known in modern times. They have need of each other; they need cooperation. All their energy and intelligence should have been directed during these eighteen months to nursing such industrial and economic resources as they had left. Even had they cleared away the rubbish of war as rapidly as possible and adopted a policy of cooperation, the task ahead of them would still have been a terribly difficult one. But hatred, distrust, and fear have dictated an opposite course.

Conditions in France

In order to get a clear view of the economic problems before the French people, it will be well to show first the situation which confronted them on the day the armistice was signed, lest stories of the truly heroic efforts toward restoration already made in the devastated regions divert attention from the overwhelming magnitude of France's original problem. The wonderful courage as well as pride of the French people would conceal from the world how inadequate all of these efforts have been for the solution of that problem. France would rather be represented to the world as hopeful and determined than as an object for pity, and yet, with all their courage and hopefulness, the responsible men of France are sick at heart when they contemplate the gigantic task ahead of the nation and the broken tools with which they must work.

The war cost France in cash nearly $40,000,000,000. Her interior debt has increased since 1913 $28,000,000,000 and her foreign debt, of which there was none in 1913, is now nearly $6,000,000,000.

The destruction of property in France during the war has been variously estimated at from $15,000,000,000 to $30,000,000,000. The capitalization of pensions for orphans and wounded is $10,000,000,000. Although the total of these liabilities would be considerably reduced if figured in par exchange, such an estimate would be misleading. To obtain an American equivalent for the internal debt, the value of the franc today in French labor and materials must be used and, of course, the full amount of the foreign debt, $6,000,000,000, must be added. If, for the sake of discussion, we cut in half the interior debt and the cost of reconstruction and the pensions, we still have a staggering total of somewhere between 35 and 40 billion dollars lost by France through the war. It should be remembered that France is a country of only 40,000,000 people and that a few years ago Sir George Paish estimated the total value of all property in France, public and private, as $50,000,000,000.

These huge liabilities created by the war are not the whole story. The French people bore the brunt of the fighting and their country was the battleground. As a result their most serious loss is the destruction of equipment and the demoralization of those economic forces on which France must rely to make good the huge deficit. One and one-half million of her men between eighteen and forty—her best producers—have been killed, and in spite of this she feels she must keep up a standing army of 700,000 men until some world settlement is made which will relieve her of the old danger of invasion.

The devastated region, while only 7 per cent of the area of France, furnished before the war one-fifth of her exports. From it came 92 per cent of the iron ore; more than half of the coal (in fact, a large proportion of the industrial coal); 60 per cent of the steel; 77 per cent of the zinc; 22 per cent of the lead; 20 per cent of the machinery and machine tools; 80 per cent of the linen; 70 per cent of the cotton textiles, besides very large contributions to the clothing of the country.

Of course not all of the machinery for this production was destroyed, but the coal mines and the basic iron and steel mills were wiped out to such an extent that in March of this year the mines had recovered only about 13 per cent, and the steel and metal mills only 23 per cent.

It should also be noted that the region where destruction was the worst contained steel construction plants and most of the factories making tools and hardware, so greatly needed by all other industries. This is also the district which, more than any other, manufactured what have been called the "essential" items of merchandise, while the regions not touched by war were devoted more to wines, silks, and other luxuries. The importance of this fact will be appreciated at this time when the reconstruction of France and Europe places especial emphasis on the production of essentials. Stress might be laid on the crippling of the railways, on the devastation of food-producing land, and the loss of an enormous number of cattle. I wish, however, to bring into this survey only those larger factors which, in my opinion, have rendered France unable to save herself economically without help from the outside. When this situation was considered by the representatives of all the Allies assembled in Paris, it was unanimously agreed that France's salvation depended upon a huge German indemnity; German coal as a basic industrial necessity, and German money for financial solvency.

Before leaving the survey of French conditions, it should be recognized that the miseries of war and the hopeless character of the peace up to date have created a very dangerous internal situation.

It is immensely to the credit of the French people that during this very trying year radicalism has not gone further in adding to chaos. But there is a limit to this immunity. Proportionately, the radical element in France has been increased; for it was found necessary during the war to send a very large number of the factory workers back from the front in order to keep up the manufacture of necessary supplies. Women could perform much of the farm work, but the factories depended upon the presence of skilled workmen. The result was that out of the 1,500,000 killed, France lost a much larger proportion of her conservative peasant population than of her industrialists. This shifting of balance may have a very decided effect on future events. The increase of conservative deputies returned to Parliament at last year's general election was hailed as evidence that the masses in France were becoming less radical. An examination, however, of election statistics shows that more socialist and ultra-radical votes were cast than in any previous election.

It is interesting to note a confirmation of the desperate economic outlook I have depicted, which can be read "between the lines" as it were, in a statement made recently to the National City Bank by the head of a great French bank. This statement is mainly devoted to showing what remarkable progress France has made under the circumstances. I quote the significant paragraph: "On the day of the armistice, the whole American army in France did not possess a single field-gun which had not been constructed in and supplied by France. Imagine the United States in the same situation; having lost the coal-fields in the Alleghanies, the iron ore of the lakes, some of the largest and richest cities such as Chicago, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh; having had three million five hundred thousand men killed, and while struggling for their life on their own soil, helping others to get ready and devoting all their productive capacity to war-material, while others had something over for domestic requirements and investments such as shipbuilding, etc., how would American economic conditions look, under these circumstances, after five years?"

He might have added to this picture an American standing army of 2,000,000 men, which in proportion to our population represents the burden entailed upon France by the 700,000 soldiers she maintains at the present time.

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Conditions in Germany

The total German war expenses, including loans to insolvent allies, were considerably larger than those of France. Germany's national debt is now around 190,000,000,000 marks, to which must be added an unsecured note circulation of about half that amount, and liabilities for indemnity to her own subjects of over 100,000,000,000 marks. On their face these debts are equivalent in American money to more than $100,000,000,000. The total is reduced, however, to about $30,000,000,000 if as in the French estimate we use the present value of the mark in German labor. On the other side, it should be noted that any attempt to redeem the circulating notes and so restore German currency would bring these notes very close to par and thus largely increase the debt figure stated above. To the debt must be added the minimum indemnity imposed on Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, which is there stated as approximately $24,000,000,000.

While in one way it is now an advantage to Germany that she was obliged during the war to do all her borrowing at home, this is offset by the fact that having had to rely almost entirely on her own material resources she found herself in 1919 absolutely bare of merchandise and of the raw materials with which to manufacture more. An American buyer of long experience in Germany passed through Coblenz during the fall of 1919 with a $25,000,000 credit to be used in buying German merchandise for export. He returned six weeks later and told me that he had advised his syndicate to withdraw the credit; he found no stocks of any kind in Germany. He said there were small quantities of merchandise in retail stores, but absolutely no wholesale stocks.

The labor situation is another serious factor in the problem of German economic revival. German industrial supremacy was founded on a productive capacity per man which no longer exists. In most trades the output per man is now a little over one-half what it was before the war, due partly to shorter hours which came with the revolution of November, 1918, partly to six years of underfeeding, and partly to a radicalism which makes the masses disinclined to work effectively.

When I talked with the Minister of Economics last June as to the relative importance of the various factors operating to prevent industrial revival, he rated the shortage of coal as one of the worst. In fact, he placed it second only to the unlimited indemnity.

During the year 1919 production of industrial coal in Germany was about 60 per cent of the 1914 total. As president of the Inter-Allied Committee on Coal for the occupied territory, I made a careful investigation of the cause of this reduction in output. The ineffectiveness of labor, referred to above, was blamed for about two-thirds of the difference. I found that whereas one ton of coal per man was mined in Germany before and during the war, the average in 1919 was .58 ton. The balance of the shrinkage was accounted for by deterioration of equipment and by loss of the Saar and Lorraine coal fields to France.

Looking into the future, the Germans are worrying over the threatened loss of the Upper Silesian coal field, which produced annually about 45,000,000 tons before the war. If the plebiscite gives this district to Poland, Germany will be obliged to reduce shipments of coal to France or allow her own industries to collapse.

During 1919 the average amount of coal received by German industries was a little better than 30 per cent of their normal consumption. The steel mills, because they were near the mines and the output of coal at pit mouths was greater than the available cars to transport it, received as high as 60 per cent of their requirements. This summer, however, delivery of coal to steel mills has fallen to about 40 per cent of their requirements.

The contest between France and Germany over coal deliveries has been misunderstood in this country. The Versailles Treaty called upon Germany to deliver to the Allies 3¼ million tons per month. This was so manifestly impossible that on August 28, 1919, a new protocol was signed reducing the demand to about 2¼ million tons per month with a sliding scale based on increased production. When during the futile discussion in Paris last March between the Reparation Commission and the German Coal Delegation, I was called in as an American expert, I urged that France for her own sake recognize the facts and make a business-like bargain with the German Coal Komissar, one which could be and, I believe, would be kept. I informed our representative on the Reparation Commission that Germany could at that time deliver 1¼ million tons, but no more. M. Poincaré was unwilling to discuss with Germany any reduction, and as a result deliveries continued at about 600,000 tons per month, until at the Spa Conference in June, 2,000,000 tons was agreed upon. This quantity, considering the increase of German production at that time, corresponds very closely with my 1,250,000 tons in March.

Lack of transportation is another obstacle to economic revival. Of ocean shipping Germany has practically none left. Her river and canal equipment has been much reduced by the operation of the treaty. While the railroads, especially the Prussian lines, are doing much better than one would expect from the statistical situation, the 5,000 locomotives sent to France and Belgium, the bad condition of those left in Germany, the lack of good repair material, and the inefficiency of shop workers have created a shortage of locomotive power felt with especial severity in coal distribution. Out of 22,000 locomotives left in Germany, 10,000 are continually in the repair shops.

Food is still one of the worst deficiencies. Herbert Hoover (the best informed man in America on European food conditions) told me that normally Germany can produce only four-sevenths of her own food—the balance must be imported in exchange for German exports. Such imports of food are only possible now at ruinous prices on account of the rate of exchange. The Government has already spent hundreds of millions of marks in subsidizing food to bring prices within the limits of the workingman's purse. The mass of the people in Germany can only afford to buy this subsidized food, and the subsidized "ration" during the first seven months of 1920 contained only 1,090 calories as against 1,500 calories during the war, and 3,000 calories before the war. Both production and the morale of the people in Germany are suffering from this continued underfeeding.

The Versailles Treaty calls on Germany to pay a minimum indemnity of 100,000,000,000 gold marks—approximately 24,000,000,000 gold dollars which, paid in francs at present exchange rate, would equal 400,000,000,000 francs. In 1871 Germany imposed upon France an indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs. At the time this was expected to ruin France, and history has applauded the heroic energy with which she accomplished the seemingly impossible by paying the whole amount within two years. After making every allowance, it is not reasonable to expect that France can collect from Germany 80 times the indemnity imposed in 1871. The attempt does not seem a good business proposition unless the advantage sought is German bankruptcy instead of cash. Certainly, in the light of the economic prostration described above, the policy of Great Britain and Italy, which calls for a revision of the treaty, seems the wisest course, both in the interest of France and the peace of the world.

The most depressing influence of all on German economic life is the uncertainty created by Allied refusal to fix a limit for the indemnity. This has been one of the chief points of difference between Great Britain and France, and the fact should be clearly understood.

The Treaty of Versailles recognizes that Germany ought to pay for all the devastation, as well as the cost to the Allies, of the war. Nothing which has come to light since the armistice has raised a doubt as to the justice of this proposition—theoretically. Practically, the peace commissioners agreed that such complete reimbursement was impossible. Being ignorant of German economic conditions, they left the total amount of the

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indemnity to be settled when more information regarding Germany's finances should be obtained. The treaty names 100,000,000,000 gold marks as an immediate payment to be recognized by the issuance of German gold bonds. Beyond that, the Reparation Commission is to decide as to how much additional indemnity the Germans can pay year by year without ruining their industries. For two years this uncertainty has hung over the economic life of Germany like the sword of Damocles.

If you say to a person, "Work as hard as you can and at the end of the year we will decide how much of your product we will take from you," there is no incentive for that person to work. Equally, if you say to capital, domestic or foreign, "We are waiting to see how much real money will come into sight in Germany before settling on a maximum indemnity," capital will certainly refuse to show itself. That provision of the Versailles Treaty which permits the Allies to add to the minimum indemnity of $24,000,000,000 whatever they decide at a later date Germany is capable of paying has so far deprived her people of incentive to enterprise and her industries of much needed new capital. More than a year ago the representative of a group of American capitalists who were prepared under certain conditions to grant large financial credits to German industries, told me that they considered it unwise to invest a cent in Germany until the limits of the indemnity had been fixed.

It has been and is today of the utmost importance to Germany and to Europe, and it is an essential prerequisite to the payment of any indemnity, that the broken circle of production —raw material, power (coal), labor, transportation, and sale— be repaired as quickly as possible. So far there has been no progress made in this direction.

Certain it is that unemployment in Germany is now increasing faster than at any time since the war. Official reports in June, 1920, showed that the Government was giving unemployment pay to less than 1,000,000 men. Today the same reports show that nearly 1,500,000 are officially out of work and receiving government aid.

To sum up, Germany finds herself deprived of her iron mines, and a part of her coal, with a debt of at least $30,000,000,000, a fixed liability for indemnity of another $24,000,000,000, and unable after nearly two years to raise the production of her industries to a point where she can pay for the foreign food absolutely necessary for the feeding of her people. She is short of coal, short of food, short of transportation, crippled by social unrest and a weak government, and her future is shadowed by such uncertainty regarding the financial and political intentions of the Allies that the population, from the government officials down to the workers in the mines, have become possessed with a sort of fatalistic hopelessness which has killed both initiative and energy.

It is my firm opinion that Germany, once the industrial backbone of continental Europe, is steadily sinking into a social and economic feebleness very dangerous to the peace of the world. I agree with Mr. Paul Cravath that it will be hard to make Bolshevists of the German people—that this is not a real danger unless *the Allies leave them helpless and hopeless too long.*

The Deadlock

The above description of the economic wreckage left by the war in France and Germany has not been overdrawn. I believe that the authorities in either country, if they felt free to speak frankly, would confirm my estimate. To complete the picture, it is necessary to describe the deadlock which has existed between these two countries up to the present time, and which by defeating their attempts to revive industry and restore finance, threatens disaster to both.

French statesmen are possessed by two great fears. The first is a very natural dread of a revengeful, military Germany again grown strong. When America withdrew from the League, this fear which had been fading away in the hopeful prospect of a new international force capable of making justice an effective arbiter between nations, swept over the country with renewed violence. The French populace passionately threw its support to that political group which has no confidence in any international agency save military power. These Chauvinists (not a large, though an influential group) have believed throughout that France should seize the present opportunity so to destroy or mutilate Germany as to render her old enemy permanently inferior to herself, both economically and in a military way. Now, this military party in France finds itself backed by an almost unanimous people.

Since America deserted, French policy has been poisoned by dreams: First, of separatist movements to be fomented among the German states; second, of establishing her eastern frontier on the Rhine; third, of a militaristic Poland on Germany's eastern frontier; and fourth, of new invasions of Germany. Many German activities have appeared to threaten these ambitions and have been promptly crushed.

For instance, when the Sparticists created a reign of terror in the Ruhr last March, France refused the German Government permission to send enough troops to crush the rebellion, and when, in spite of this refusal, 18,000 more Reichswehr than are permitted by the Treaty of Versailles entered the Ruhr and cleaned things up, France invaded Frankfort and Darmstadt as reprisal. Since the most radical sovietism was establishing itself throughout that territory, the Allies would have been forced to occupy the Ruhr themselves had the German Government withheld its troops, and such an "occupation" would have involved France and the Allies in a major military adventure. For the Ruhr is a tough district, a mining and steel mill district containing 515,000 miners and a larger number of mill workers (Russians, Poles, and Italians being mixed with the Germans). The Ruhr is also more infected with bolshevism than any other part of Germany with the possible exception of Saxony.

News dispatches sent to America during the "Ruhr trouble" were very conflicting. Later, I obtained permission to go through the government files in Berlin and found there hundreds of original letters and telegrams confirming the reports made by representatives of the American Commanding General who were in the Ruhr during the rebellion.

Fear dictated French insistence on reduction of the German army to 100,000 men. It is not simply that so small an army will place Germany at the mercy of dangerous eastern neighbors, but 100,000 soldiers cannot keep order at home under present unsettled conditions. She, unlike America and Great Britain, has always depended upon the military for police work. Local police forces are small. In Cologne, for instance, there are in proportion to the population less than one-quarter as many policemen as in New York City. The local police in Germany merely manage traffic and arrest drunks. Serious disorder is handled by the military.

France also fears the economic recuperative power of Germany. French statesmen are apprehensive as to the temper of their own people who were long fed on glittering promises that the expected flow of German money into France would permit a low tax rate to be maintained and would bring prosperity. Believing that industrial revival if given a chance would proceed in Germany faster than in France, these statesmen fear that the French masses would vent their disappointment and wrath upon the Government. Hence, the French refusal to fix a maximum figure for the indemnity; hence, the former French insistence on more coal than Germany could possibly send; hence, also, the French opposition to outside loans to Germany. In fact, the determined hostility in France to any revision of the treaty so as to adapt it to known conditions and thus, while obtaining all practicable "reparations" make economic revival in Germany possible, has been based on a profound uneasiness as to the consequences of such revival.

Military Occupation of the Rhineland

The Allied occupation of the western provinces of Germany, originally planned to last fifteen years but extended for an

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indefinite period by M. Millerand's note to the Germans last March, is so unmistakably a prime factor in the European outlook, and it so directly threatens the future peace of the world that knowledge of its character and history is essential to a true understanding of the European situation. The history of Article 428 of the peace treaty, and of the "Rhineland Agreement" created in conformity with Article 432 which defines the terms of occupation, is typical of the entire struggle at the Peace Conference between what is now referred to as the "Peace Delusion" of Wilson and Lloyd George and the "Continental Policy" which M. Millerand has during the last six months triumphantly reestablished. Similarly the character and history of the occupation itself suggest the foundation of sand upon which the present peace of Europe is built.

All that portion of Germany lying west of the Rhine, together with about 2,000 square miles on the eastern bank, is now occupied by Allied troops under conditions laid down in the "Agreement." Temporary occupation was absolutely necessary. This occupation, however, having already lasted longer than the German occupation of France in 1871-72, must according to the Treaty of Peace continue, with possible reduction of territory, for fifteen years, and M. Millerand notified the Germans last April that the date from which the fifteen years should be reckoned was postponed until all obligations of the treaty are met by Germany. Since some of these conditions cannot be complied with at the present time, this automatically extends the occupation indefinitely.

In order to realize what this means for the peace of the world, Americans should conceive of a territory about the size of New England, with a larger population than is contained in those six States, and an industrial importance for Germany even greater than New England has for the United States, occupied by 120,000 enemy troops and its people and government subjected to minute inspection and interference by representatives of its traditional enemies.

All of the cities in the Rhineland are crowded with Allied officers living in the finest private houses, commandeered from their owners. These owners are usually permitted to live in a few rooms in the rear or in the attics of their former homes. Municipal regulations, including street traffic and the prices of merchandise, and many of the smaller restrictions which were in force in America during the war are prescribed by the representatives of the occupying Powers. Every German law and regulation must be submitted to those representatives. If disapproved by them they become invalid throughout occupied Germany.

Newspapers are censored, private mail may at any time be seized, and the local movements of persons may be subjected to passport regulations. The right of requisition of supplies for the Allied army and officials may at any time break down the very difficult "rationing" plans of the German food commissioner. The appointment of even local officials must be approved, and their liability to summary removal on grounds satisfactory to the Commission alone is a standing threat to landrats, burgomeisters, and presidents. Many other harassing interferences with the daily life of the population are the necessary accompaniments of a hostile occupation. These it must be remembered are conditions in the occupied territory of Germany under a regime which was given a civilian character and made as liberal as possible by the moderate elements at the Peace Conference against violent opposition from the military group.

M. Tardieu, in recent magazine articles, gives an account of the struggle over this question of extended occupation. He shows that Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson were for months unalterably opposed to it. He states that a special defensive alliance was offered by the two statesmen to France as inducement to abandon the plan. He reveals step by step how M. Clemenceau's persistence broke down opposition and how in May, 1919, by conceding civilian control, he finally made a fifteen-year occupation part of the treaty with Germany.

A Brutal Document

An original draft for the "Rhineland Agreement" was prepared by the Supreme Military Council under the influence of Marshal Foch, and it was an extremely brutal document. It decreed that "martial law with all its consequences" should remain in force in the Rhineland for fifteen years; it placed control of the German police and the conduct of the occupation in the hands of the French military commander.

I was at that time serving on the temporary Rhineland Commission, and together with Sir Harold Stuart, the British commissioner, entered a strong protest against this plan of the Supreme Military Council. Several revisions were attempted, in the preparation of which I assisted, but becoming convinced that a mere revision could not make such a plan workable I wrote a letter on May 27 to President Wilson embodying my objections and outlining a plan for civilian control.

This letter seems to have reached the President at a psychological moment, for he took it to the Supreme Council and obtained unanimous consent to the appointment of a committee instructed to draft a plan along the lines I had suggested. This committee, after a week of continuous session, presented to the Peace Conference the "Rhineland Agreement" which was finally signed by Germany and the Allies at the same time as the Treaty of Versailles. The French White Book, containing the discussions of this special committee, states in Paragraph I:

"That a commission composed of:

"A representative of the United States of America who will be designated by President Wilson; Lord Robert Cecil, for Great Britain; Monsieur Loucheur, for France; Marquis Imperiali, for Italy, will be appointed to draft a plan of agreement concerning the occupation of the Rhineland Provinces, in accordance with the scheme suggested (skeleton plan) in a letter dated May 27, 1919, from Mr. Noyes, American delegate to the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission, to President Wilson."

It also contains a copy of my letter, which I will quote since it states my position at that time; a position which I have since seen no reason to alter.

"American Commission to Negotiate Peace

"Paris, May 27, 1919

"To the Honorable Woodrow Wilson,

"President of the United States of America,

"11, Place des Etats-Unis, Paris.

"Dear Sir: After a month spent in the Rhineland as American commissioner, I feel there is danger that a disastrous mistake will be made. The 'Convention' for the government of these territories, as drafted by the military representatives of the Supreme War Council on May 11, is more brutal, I believe, than even its authors desire upon second thought. It provides for unendurable oppression of six million people during a period of years.

"This 'Convention' is not likely to be adopted without great modification. What alarms me, however, is that none of the revisions of this document which I have seen recognize that its basic principle is bad—that the quartering of an enemy army in a country as its master in time of peace and the billeting of troops on the civil population will insure hatred and ultimate disaster.

"I have discussed this matter at length with the American commanders of the Army of Occupation, men who have seen military occupation at close range for six months. These officers emphatically indorse the above statements. They say that an occupying army, even one with the best intentions, is guilty of outrages and that mutual irritation, in spite of every effort to the contrary, grows apace. Force and more force must inevitably be the history of such occupation long continued.

"Forgetting the apparent ambitions of the French and possibly overlooking political limitations, I have sketched below a plan which seems to me the maximum for military domination in the Rhineland after the signing of peace. Our army commanders and others who have studied the subject on the ground agree with this program:

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"Skeleton Plan

"I. As few troops as possible concentrated in barracks or reserve areas with no 'billeting,' excepting possibly for officers.

"II. Complete self-government for the territory, with the exceptions below.

"III. A Civil Commission with powers:

"a. To make regulations or change old ones whenever German law or actions

"(1) Threaten the carrying out of terms, or

"(2) Threaten the comfort or security of troops.

"b. To authorize the army to take the control under martial law, either in danger spots or throughout the territory whenever conditions seem to the Commission to make this necessary.

"Very truly yours,

(Signed) "PIERREPONT B. NOYES,

"American Delegate,

"Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission."

The negotiations which resulted in this plan being adopted are of special interest to any one studying the international psychology of the past two years. It is history now that M. Clemenceau on May 29 seized upon this more liberal plan of occupation presented by President Wilson in order to make more sure of the final adhesion of the American and British premiers to the main principle of occupation. Sitting in the meetings at the Quay d'Orsai as a spectator, I witnessed the most intense and persistent hostility to this "civilian" plan on the part of Marechal Foch and his aids. During recent months leading French statesmen and the French press have bewailed the weakness which yielded to the Anglo-Saxon liberalism. It is loudly maintained that since the compromise was made in view of active American participation and a defensive alliance, a way should now be found to get back to that sterner control originally planned, and by doing away with the interference of the Inter-Allied High Commission which "has continually opposed French interests" insure success for the new French policy.

I was the American member of the Commission from its creation until June of this year. The president of the Commission, M. Paul Tirard, is a forward-looking, conscientious man who has worked with the other members to carry out the details of the Rhineland Agreement in the spirit intended by the Supreme Council. He has succeeded as well as any man could surrounded by an intensely military atmosphere and under the pressure of a French national policy steadily swinging toward aggressive military and political action.

I believe that in the Rhineland a hostile military occupation is seen at its best, and at its best, I can say from personal observation, it is brutal, it is provocative, it is continuing war.

A temporary occupation was, as I have said, inevitable, and its continuance until the disarmament of Germany has proceeded to a point satisfactory to the Allies is probably desirable, but its maintenance as a debt-collecting agency through fifteen years is unthinkable—it will be a running sore. America is today participating in this occupation with more troops than any nation excepting France, and yet we have elected to place entirely outside of our own influence the character of the occupation and the length of its continuance. During the fourteen months in which I worked as a member of the Rhineland Commission, I became daily more shocked that any responsible man should be willing to curse the world with such a hatred and war-breeding institution as this. I could multiply the details until every American would be equally shocked, but I will leave it to the imagination of my readers to decide for themselves what would be the ultimate result of a fifteen-year occupation of the New England States by victorious German or other foreign troops.

GERMAN "SEPARATISTS'" MOVEMENTS INSTIGATED BY THE FRENCH

After the war there was a general conviction in France, as there was in all Allied countries, that a political separation of the Rhine Provinces from Prussia would be in the interest of future peace. Dominated by Prussia the German Empire had plunged the world into war. Hence, it seemed probable that strengthening the power of the other German states and weakening the influence of Prussia in the German Reich would tend to eliminate the Hohenzollern dream of world conquest. Unfortunately, this scheme of political readjustment, which was looked upon with favor by many Germans, easily formed the basis in France for the more radical plan of an independent Rhineland which should act as a buffer state. And in the upper hierarchy of French nationalism and militarism the thinly veiled expectation that this buffer state would be under French influence, became a definite determination to make the Rhineland ultimately French territory. A few months' experience with occupation in the Rhineland and the unlimited power possessed by an occupying army made this plan of annexation seem feasible. In the end it tempted even those moderates who were at first inclined to look askance at a policy likely to create another Alsace-Lorraine to approve French efforts for a "frontier on the Rhine."

A brief account of the separatists' plots fomented by the French in the Rhineland during the past eighteen months will add a point of definiteness to my statement that a fifteen-year hostile occupation is certain to prove a curse to the world. It will also suggest in general the part America must play, if Europe in the twentieth century is to be anything but a powder magazine of dangerous possibilities.

While I was in the Rhineland four open attempts at secession were made. These were of two kinds. Three of them were roughly similar in principle to the demand of our Southern States during the 50's for "State rights." The fourth attempt was bold "secession."

Curiously enough the two most ambitious attempts revealed a conflict between two opposing French policies striving for success under the leadership of two rival French generals. The declaration of "The Palatinate as an independent neutral Republic" on May 21, 1919, was a bold bid by General Gérard, commander of the French Eighth Army, for success in his extreme policy of dismembering Germany. Official France was at that time swinging over to the slower and more subtle policy of General Mangin (commander of the French Tenth Army) and it was hinted at the time that General Gérard already knew of his own impending recall and that he precipitated this flare-up as a last gamble. At any rate, he made the action sharp and snappy and he was recalled a short time after his attempt failed. His army was then added to the command of General Mangin.

Proclamation of this new Palatinate Republic, which was to be entirely independent of Germany, was posted on the night of the 21st of May, and on the 22d General Gérard issued a manifesto, a copy of which I have seen. The following is a quotation from this document:

"It came to the knowledge of the general in command of the French army that the Landau population owing to their sympathetic sentiments toward France had to undergo certain annoyances on the part of German officials. Such actions from the side of these officials constitute a misuse of power and authority and are 'A breach of orders of Marechal Foch as well as an incorrect action toward the victorious and benevolent France.'"

The manifesto also contained a declaration that the French commander of the occupation of the Palatinate would support in every way all attempts for the creation of a Palatinate Republic in connection with France.

During the next few days there were riots in Speyer, Landau, and Zweibrücken. Regierungs-Präsident Winterstein was removed from office and expelled from the territory by the French. Other officials hostile to the separatists were arrested. This "revolution" was too artificial and too premature for any chance of success. It could not compete with the more moderate and carefully planned scheme for a larger Rhineland Republic within the German Reich which was at the same time developing under the management of Doctor Dorten and General Mangin.

This latter movement, usually referred to as the "Dorten Re-

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bellion," was much more ambitious territorially than any of the others. Not only the five Rhine Provinces were to be included in the new Republic, but it was expected to comprise most of Hesse, Nassau, the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the Bavarian Palatinate, and the rich Province of Westphalia across the Rhine, in which are located the great manufacturing industries of Essen and the coal mines of the Ruhr. Final plans for the revolution were perfected at a conference in Mayence attended by General Mangin, the French commander, Doctor Dorten, a Mr. Kuchkoff of Cologne, Frohberger, a newspaper editor, and several other Germans.

About 2 a. m. on the morning of May 22 a French lieutenant-colonel from General Mangin's headquarters arrived in Coblenz. He managed to get the American Chief of Staff on the telephone and insisted on an immediate interview with the American Commanding General. He was very urgent. The conference, however, was postponed until morning, when the French officer informed the Americans that on Saturday, the 24th, a republic would be proclaimed with Coblenz as its capital. He gave the names of the men who would form the new cabinet and stated that fifty officials of the new administration were then on their way to Coblenz to organize the government. The new state was to remain for the present a part of the German Empire, but later would be made wholly independent. He stated that he was sent by General Mangin to solicit the aid of the American general in promoting this movement.

Our Commanding General replied that the occupation was governed by the terms of the armistice, that an honest carrying out of those terms would not permit the occupying authorities to recognize revolutionary movements, that this had been the policy of all the Allies, and that in any case his own instructions from General Pershing were positive. He courteously refused to permit the Coblenz part of the program to be carried out in any way.

We found that fifty billets had been actually engaged for the Dorten officials by the French mission in Coblenz, and it turned out that carloads of proclamations had been printed and were ready for distribution.

With its proposed "capital" in the hands of the "Ober-Präsident" and the officials of the old regime, and with the forbidden American area lying like a wedge between Mayence and the rich provinces to the north, the "Dorten Revolution" hung fire for a week. The conspiracy, however, had gone too far to be halted. On June 1 the republic was finally "declared"; proclamations were posted in all occupied territory excepting the American area. Wiesbaden was announced as the temporary capital; Doctor Dorten proclaimed himself as the Chief of the Provisional Government and appealed to the Peace Conference at Paris to recognize the new state and to protect the authors of the movement from punishment for treason.

Evidence that the "revolution" had no popular support began to come from every direction. Even before the 1st of June the revolutionary plans had leaked out and strikes and other demonstrations of protest were organized by the population in various cities. When the Dorten Cabinet was announced the list of names was found to be quite different from that brought to Coblenz in the early morning hours of the 22d of May. Not one prominent member of the Centrum Party, to which belong a large majority of the Rhinelanders, was in the new Cabinet. In many places the proclamations were torn down by the inhabitants. On the 3d of June a counter-proclamation appeared in the German newspapers bitterly denouncing the "discord shown in the ranks of the Rhinelanders in this the hardest hour of the German Republic," and signed by the Rhineland representatives of six of the great national parties headed by the Centrum Party.

On the 4th of June Dorten was "escorted" and the other ministers were "ejected" from the Regierungs building in Wiesbaden, the latter being very roughly handled by the populace waiting outside. This practically ended the "first Dorten Rebellion." It never had a chance of success unless backed by Allied bayonets. Soon after June 4th the Doctor issued a statement in which he naively announced that he would "permit the old officials to remain in office for the present." The net result was to effectually kill the sentiment favorable to separation from Prussia which had undoubtedly existed among the Germans of the Rhineland. Since then separation from Prussia has meant to the average Rhinelander the first step toward becoming a province of France. He is afraid of it.

The failure of the policy intrusted to General Mangin and the need of a different policy which should quiet the fears of the German population became so evident that General Mangin was recalled a little later, and General Degoutte, a man inspiring confidence in every American who meets him, was placed in command of the French occupying forces. It is significant that afterward during the enthusiasm aroused by the occupation of Frankfort the Paris journals urged that General Mangin replace General Degoutte in Mayence. Some of the papers even published rumors that the Government had decided to make this change.

Doctor Dorten is still conspiring and has been repeatedly protected from official and unofficial persecution. He can bide his time, for French troops are scheduled to stay in the Rhineland at least fifteen years, and M. Millerand has declared French independence of Anglo-Saxon policies. The demand for occupation of the Ruhr (which was temporarily negatived last April by Mr. Lloyd George's note regarding the Frankfort invasion) grows louder and louder in France. It is hinted that the bait of a Rhine-Westphalian state, strengthened economically at the expense of the rest of Germany by the coal of the Ruhr and the steel production of Essen, will bring a majority of the German population to support the next revolution.

No power but the United States can halt the present march of events, which promises to make France temporarily the military master of Europe, while the peace of the world becomes "a house of cards."

If We Abandon Europe

Prophecy is always dangerous. It is especially liable to error of detail when, as in the present European tangle, a thousand factors are working in obscure relations to each other toward the same general result. That disaster is imminent no one can doubt, but it is beyond the power of the keenest vision to predict what form the catastrophe will take. If the brakes of an automobile give way on a steep hill, it is impossible to predict in advance what kind of a smash there will be. The machine may turn over, climb a telegraph pole, or run into another auto, but in spite of uncertainty as to where and when and how the catastrophe will come, there is no uncertainty as to the fact of an approaching disaster.

In every European country financial insolvency, economic stagnation, unemployment, starvation, misery, and social demoralization have been reacting upon each other with deadly effect during the past year. These conditions are shaping the daily development of European politics, and those who have seen their effects near at hand have no doubt that there must be a tragic conclusion. So interlaced are the many factors, and so interacting are their causes and effects that one can with difficulty classify them for intelligent analysis.

The most obvious factors can perhaps be grouped under two headings—economic and military. The facts already given showing economic conditions in Europe suggest that there is a "jumping-off place" in the financial road not far ahead. A British authority recently asserted that "The whole of Europe today is producing not over one-half it is consuming." This may be an exaggeration. When I repeated the statement to Dr. Leach, an American who has spent all his time during the past two years on official business in Italy, Serbia, Poland, and the other countries of Eastern Europe, he was very positive that it was not exaggerated. He may have been over-impressed with life in those smaller countries which for more than a year have fought much and produced little or nothing. The announced

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fact, however, that France, herself, during the first six months of this year imported $1,414,000,000 worth of merchandise more than she exported tends to confirm the Englishman's statement.

Until the United States comes to the rescue the nations of Europe, like the inhabitants of Mark Twain's village, must continue their present attempt to "live by taking in each other's washing." Where this financial jugglery, which is partially concealing the helplessness of Europe, will end, and when it will end, is hard to predict. That it will end in a crash is certain, although it is possible the economic catastrophe will be obscured by an earlier social or political debacle.

Half the free gold of the world has been shifted to the United States. We have the lion's share of raw materials and if we do not quickly restore, at least partially, the world's financial balance, our possession of the materials needed by Europe plus our monopoly of the gold and credit, without which she is unable to pay us for those materials, will react with telling effect on our own economic life.

The huge favorable balance of our foreign trade during the past eight months has undoubtedly involved large private credits from America to Europe, principally to England, but these temporary loans are mere palliatives. They tend ultimately to increase the difficulties of European buyers by forcing down exchange. Organized governmental supervision of credits and exchange can alone make possible continued American exports on a scale sufficient to start industrial revival in Europe.

It is, however, the recent political developments in Europe which give us a real glimpse, as it were, of the future. Here one need not tax his imagination with prophecy. The reactionary militaristic movement which started after America's intention to dissolve partnership with Europe seemed certain, and which has made such insidious progress during the past few months, points the moral of our delinquency and suggests its tragic consequences.

Belgium has been recently persuaded to sign a treaty with France, by the terms of which she agrees to maintain a field army of 500,000 men as compared with 100,000 men before the war.

Italy has exchanged the liberalism of Premier Nitti for the sordid nationalism of Giolitti. Nitti recently declared:

"I do not know if there is peace anywhere in the world, but there certainly is none in Europe. Around you, you see nothing but armies. While the war was still going on people said this would be the last war, but Germany's militarist spirit has been acquired by the peoples who overthrew Germany. Europe is alive with proposals of conquest, with eagerness to hoard raw materials."

Giolitti, who succeeded Nitti as premier, concluded at Aix-les-Bains in September a virtual alliance with France, by the terms of which Fiume, as well as all the Dalmatian coast will pass quietly to Italy, depriving the Jugoslavs of access to the sea. In return, Italy will never repeat her former protest against the French invasion of Frankfort.

Poland, dazzled by hopes of more territory, has cheerfully turned to military conquest those energies which, if she is to remain an independent nation, should be concentrated on her well-nigh hopeless internal problems. The Poles are a brave people. They have preserved their national hopes through centuries of discouragement. Unfortunately their genius seems better adapted to war than to peace. Politically they are "many men of many minds" and they have never developed that capacity for compromise which has made democracy in other countries possible. M. Paderewski struggled for more than a year to form a stable government. He finally resigned the premiership and left Poland a broken-hearted man. Sixteen political parties are struggling for mastery in the Provisional Parliament for Poland. After a year of discussion not even the introduction to the proposed national constitution has been agreed upon. Considering the industrial prostration of Poland and her chaotic political condition, the encouragement given by France to Polish military adventure seems very regrettable.

And France—France is congratulating herself on the return to a "continental policy"; M. Millerand has been elected President of the Republic with unanimous acclaim. Militaristic statesmen and journalists loudly assert that he has rescued France, and with her all of Europe, from the Anglo-Saxon peace domination to which M. Clemenceau yielded so weakly. Through the Belgian treaty of alliance, through the Italian "agreement" of Aix-les-Bains, and through the establishment of a French-dominated military Poland on Germany's western frontier, he has made France for the moment what Germany was before the war—the dominating military power of Europe.

The well-known American war correspondent, Frank Simonds, in a long newspaper article dated September 26, congratulates the French nation on its final disentanglement from the peace propositions of Wilson and Lloyd George. He concludes: "All in all, the French situation is better diplomatically speaking than at any time since the armistice, and this is due unmistakably to the return of Millerand to the system which Clemenceau endeavored to follow at the Paris Conference but abandoned under Anglo-Saxon pressure." This popular writer sums up the blessings conferred on France by the Millerand diplomacy as follows: "She has finally substituted a continental for an Anglo-Saxon policy—she has regained her freedom of action by her old-fashioned bargains with the Belgians, the Poles, and the Italians." Yet this same correspondent was eighteen months ago writing from Europe the most fervent hopes for the new internationalism and the most fulsome praise of the peace ideals of President Wilson and Lloyd George.

I have no quarrel with this writer's change of opinion. I have quoted him merely to emphasize and contrast the change in European opinion as well as policy which has taken place since America withdrew from the European "settlement." It is another stage passed in weaning the war-weary masses of Europe from those idealists who seemed all-powerful at the end of 1918. In America as well our people have been almost persuaded that we may well leave European affairs alone. It now only remains to convince them that it will save us much expense and trouble if France will reorganize Europe on the old system of military alliances, "strategic frontiers," and "balance of power," which has for hundreds of years given men of "blood and iron" a chance to show their worth.

It was just so that Metternich, after the Napoleonic wars, finding himself unable directly to oppose the demand for a new internationalism, gave way at first and then with consummate skill led the unpractical idealists gradually around a circle to that imperialistic peace which made possible Bismarck, Hindenburg, and the great World War.

Now, as then, the friends of peace are silenced and on the continent at least, there is little chance they will be heard from again unless America, by joining the League of Nations, reopens the discussion. All the cynics, pessimists, and sincere militarists of Europe are rejoicing with the French over the successful launching of the Millerand policy.

But what a prospect! Such a military combination may bring glory—for the moment—it may bring revenge, but it cannot bring safety. Looked at even from the Chauvinist's viewpoint, this reenthronement of the god of war is sure to prove a Frankenstein's monster. Consider the situation. A war-ruined France, with the aid of little Belgium, poverty-stricken Italy, and deluded Poland sets up a military domination of Europe, while a Brobdingnagian Russia struggling sullenly toward rebirth nurses an ever-growing desire for revenge, and a Germany more powerful potentially than this new military alliance awaits her opportunity. One hundred and sixty million Slavs will soon emerge from that same melting-pot which gave Napoleon his unconquerable opponents and, backed, it may be, by untold millions of Asiatics, will find a Europe returned to the doctrine of "blood and iron." They may find a Germany driven by desperation into their partnership. Whether Europe is to suffer a bolshevik inundation or face the challenge of a Napoleonic conquest, the stage is certainly being set for a conflagration

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from which the United States will be unable to stand aloof.

No one can predict the exact nature of the catastrophe now rushing upon Europe, but a catastrophe is inevitable and not far away, unless we bring to Europe our financial support and the irresistible moral leadership which this support insures.

The League of Nations

. . . At the Peace Conference the executive half of our Government joined in creating the plan for a new kind of peace, and Europe, never dreaming that America was capable of deserting in the hour of need, let President Wilson build into this new international structure the best of American ideals. Whenever in Paris statesmen hesitated the people themselves forced their representatives to follow American leadership. The Covenant of the League of Nations is in the main a statement of old American ideals. By the same token, its practicability was always dependent upon the United States taking a leading part in its execution, especially during the critical period of its infancy.

The Covenant of the League of Nations is neither complete nor perfect. No one pretends that it is. It was built as a bridge—primarily as a bridge over which a ruined world might pass from the chaos of war to peace and early reconstruction. But beyond, it was to be a bridge leading from the wornout medieval system of national isolation, selfishness, and intrigue which produced the war to a better world where peace should be the joint responsibility of all civilized peoples. It was hastily built, for its creators knew that only during that time of spiritual exaltation immediately following the war could any effective start be made toward realizing an ideal so contrary to the political habits of mankind. They knew that if this chance were missed, the centrifugal force of hostile nationalism would postpone any practical steps for a league until war was again upon us—and again it was too late. . . .

It is a disingenuous taunt that "the League broke down at its first test in Poland." Every one knows that there is no effective League without the United States. Certain European statesmen are bravely maintaining its shadow, hoping that we will come in at the last and make it a reality, but until we join, the League is helpless as an agency for controlling the wild horses of war. . . .

[In the following chapter Mr. Noyes deals with the question of the Senate reservations to the treaty and Covenant. While essentially favoring ratification without reservation, Mr. Noyes expresses his regret that Mr. Wilson was not willing to accept them when it became evident that the choice lay between ratification with reservations or no ratification at all. This chapter, with the next one on the labor section of the treaty, was omitted owing to limitations of space.]

* * * * * *

Cancel the French Debt

The American people should not let the honeyed words of diplomacy conceal the fact that the masses in Europe are beginning to hate America. This is a fact. They see us safe by the accident of distance, and rich through their misfortunes. When we have carried through our policy of "America for Americans" and "Why should we trouble ourselves over Europe's troubles" to its squalid end, we shall find one bond uniting all Europe—hatred of America.

It is not too late to save the situation, though it soon will be. Already the task has been made immensely more difficult by a year of delay. Millions have died during this year; untold millions have endured misery and starvation, and thousands upon thousands have turned in desperation to the bolshevik faith.

As to what we are called upon to do, it seems to me very clear:

1. Ratify the treaty and the Covenant and bring American leadership to the building of a real league of nations.

2. Relieve the fears of France and assist the righteous forces in every country to drive from their chancelleries all the agents of military ambition and revenge.

3. Assume that financial leadership which will be gladly accorded us, and back with the enormous wealth acquired during the war by the United States some carefully worked out plan for the financial salvation of Europe.

4. Forgive France all the debts she owes the United States as a result of the war.

Not forgive! I cannot regard this as an act of charity. It would represent no more than our share of the "settlement." France is entitled to and has sore need of all the indemnity provided in the Treaty of Versailles. Hence, if we must in the interest of world restoration join Great Britain in advising France to accept a smaller indemnity from Germany, we will be hypocrites, indeed, if we permit the full burden of this self-abnegation to fall on the most sorely wounded of our Allies. We cannot do less than accept cancelation of the Franco-American loans as our share of the Allied war burden. I am told that this suggestion is very unpopular in America. This is quite natural, but just as the American people cheerfully spent billions for winning the war when they really sensed its meaning, so I believe they would cheerfully relieve France of this added burden if they knew what it meant toward the winning of a lasting peace.

We did not enter the war for nearly three years because we did not realize until then that the issues were our own. When it dawned on us that the Allies were fighting our battles, as well as their own, many Americans regretted that we had not gone in before. Our loans to France are a small part of the money we would have spent had we entered the war a year earlier. France spent it for us, and in addition sent to their death during that year a full half million of her young men in place of an equal number of American boys who would now be buried in foreign soil.

I have yet to meet an American in close touch with the details of the French and European financial situation who has not agreed with the above conclusion. I have talked with the most practical, unsentimental bankers and business men. I have in mind one man in particular, a very prominent American financier, who told me that when he came to Paris he would have scoffed at the suggestion that France be relieved of any part of the American loans. After six months' official work in European capitals, he was converted to not only the justice but the necessity of such action on the part of America. He added in a discouraged tone, "But how can you get the real facts to the 100,000,000 people at home?"

I cannot, however, agree with Keynes that the American loans to Great Britain should also be canceled. The conditions are very different and the compelling arguments for relieving France do not apply to Great Britain. It is after all a business proposition. France has suffered from an "impairment of capital," as the bankers would say, to a far greater extent than Great Britain. In addition if a rational settlement is made with Germany the loss of cash indemnity by France will be out of all proportion to that of the other Allies. Great Britain has already obtained advantages from the war whose value for her future is incalculable. The threat to Great Britain's carrying trade which just before the war was very menacing has been removed and the German merchant fleet has been very largely transferred to her. The specter of a growing German navy has vanished. The British Colonial Empire has been immensely strengthened at the expense of Germany, and the removal of German intrigue from the politics of the Near East has relieved a former anxiety for the safety of India.

Finally, as concerns relations between France and Germany it is England's policy which I have advocated. If we enter the League of Nations, we shall find that we must join England in urging upon France a modification of her claims under the Versailles Treaty. If we thus ask her to give up that which is justly hers, the benefit of her sacrifices will accrue to England as well as to ourselves and the rest of the world. It will

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be the first step toward general industrial revival. No one denies that Great Britain played a major part in winning the war. The money cost to her was terrific. She has a staggering debt and immense economic problems, but she also has the resources with which to meet those problems.

Going back to the second point suggested above, a question will undoubtedly be raised as to the possibility of our relieving the fear of France and thus reversing the militaristic policy to which this fear has led. The answer is contained in a statement made to me by a very prominent French statesman during the excitement over the opposition of Mr. Lloyd George to the new French policy. Said he, "If America were to really come in and France felt that your country was committed to partnership in the settlement of Europe, France would accept any advice America might offer." He meant this to be in contrast with their unwillingness at that time to accept the advice of England.

In spite of all that has been written to the contrary, American opinion was all-powerful at the Peace Conference. This was not from sentimental or personal reasons, but arose from two considerations—first, because we had no "axes to grind" or favors to seek in the settlement; second, because it was evident that for years to come the financial salvation of Europe would depend upon American aid. . . .

The bankruptcy of Europe is so universal and extreme that whether we will or no, America will sooner or later be forced to act as an informal receiver. As such receiver we shall be obliged for financial security to insist upon peace and the adoption of policies which will permit the energies of all nations to be devoted to industry. There is not an important nation in Europe will dare to defy our expressed opinion.

After all, a majority of the French people long for peace. They have been converted to the Millerand policies by fear alone. They are not blind to the frailty of any military defense against Germany. Our joining the League of Nations and our evident intention to back only those nations which accept the development of that League as the basis of their foreign policy would instantly bring a feeling of safety to the French people.

Our whole-hearted acceptance of the League will have an equally decided effect on the policy of Germany. That country today has a half dozen different policies. The people are hopelessly divided and their opinions distracted. One element has used every possible means to keep arms and ammunition within reach, against hoped-for opportunities. Another is for throwing overboard without reserve, at least for the time, all that relates to warfare, both plans and equipment, in the hope that thus the Allies will be induced to permit economic revival. A third class, which has grown to huge proportions in nearly all parts of the German Empire, is composed of workmen, both extreme socialists and moderates, who have a deadly hatred of the militaristic junkers of the old regime and will back all the disarmament plans of the Allies with a fierce determination to put it out of the power of their former rulers to execute a coup d'etat and lead them again to the slaughter. . . .

There is a fourth class, including in its numbers many of the old aristocrats who hope and more than half expect that a wave of bolshevism will sweep over the country. They believe that Germany could recover from such a period of anarchy quicker than other continental nations and when they say that bolshevism would surely pass from Germany into France, their longing for revenge is evident in tone and gesture. . . .

Without America the League of Nations is a puny, mechanical attempt to control the passions of international hatred and ambition. Under the leadership of America the League of Nations would give power in every European government to men who believe in turning the national energies permanently toward industry and cooperation rather than mutual destruction. It would encourage the forces of democracy, and would discourage that junker class which still in many countries hopes to rebuild national slavery and its own power on a false patriotism and the hatred of other peoples.

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